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The Saturday Review of Literature August 28, 1937

Why Foreign Correspondents Go Home

BY EUGENE LYONS

EX-CORRESPONDENTS: *John Gunther, Vincent Sheean, Negley Farson, George Seldes, Linton Wells.*

WHAT would you think of a lawyer or physician who, in the prime of life and at the height of his career, decided to quit his profession for another—for Hollywood, let us say, or a farm in Connecticut? What, moreover, if by way of valedictory he indited a book assuring you that this profession he was quitting is the most glamorous and thrilling imaginable?

Yet that is roughly the story of a good many foreign correspondents. As soon as their work is successful enough to open a path to some other job, they simply stop corresponding, write a book extolling the life they have foresworn, and retire to write fiction or raise cabbages. John Gunther, himself an ace correspondent who no longer corresponds, pointed out this curious fact recently in these columns, in reviewing "We Cover the World," the joint effort of sixteen foreign correspondents. By all accounts—not the least of them the best-selling memoirs of the correspondents themselves—theirs is the most stimulating and fascinating trade in the world: the most exciting life a man has ever given up with a sigh of relief.

Mr. Gunther hinted at an economic interpretation of this phenomenon, and there is much justice in that explanation. Unless a newspaperman has executive talents and ambitions, foreign correspondence is a blind alley—a glamorous, brilliantly lit alley if you please, but ill-paid by comparison with other professions, and without promise of real financial progress. The foreign correspondent is a professional man who can never, like an engineer let us say, strike out for himself. To the end of his days he remains a salaried employee at the mercy of some publisher in a highly restricted field. I know men with top-notch reputations in the domain of foreign reporting—reputations that in other fields would spell economic security—who remained jobless and virtually destitute for years. I know a few with famous bylines who, fired after ten or twenty years of service for one paper or agency, were as helpless as any cub reporter; their chief hope lay in books or scenarios. What is more, at an age when a lawyer or doctor is referred to as a rising young man, a newspaperman is regarded as a doddering veteran. Count over the old-timers among the foreign correspondents and you discover how few of them had touched fifty at the time they abandoned or were eased out of their shiny reportorial jobs. Many of them—Sheean, Gunther, et al.—quit long before they reached forty.

There are exceptions, of course; the veteran Karl von Wiegand comes to mind—his abilities and a baronial employer combining to guarantee an unusually long and profitable career as correspondent. But the average correspondent who has not used his contacts or his fame as springboards into some more lucrative field by the time he approaches fifty is in a sad way. A best-selling autobiography is as good a springboard as any, and especially popular in the last few years. It is "escape" literature in a special sense. Either it provides the immediate possibility for throwing up the foreign correspondence job or it is economic insurance for the future which the profession itself does not provide. Many of our country's best foreign correspondents—men like Frazier Hunt, George Seldes, Junius B. Woods, Linton Wells, Wythe Williams, Thomas Morgan, Negley Farson, Gunther, Sheean, Randall Gould, etc.—are not working at it; this at a time when events in China and Spain, Russia and Germany, call for the best reporting possible. Others, like Wilbur Forrest or Edwin L. James, have renounced the foreign field for executive jobs at home. Still others, like Duranty, give only a small part of their time to foreign correspondence. Surely there must be something askew with the much-touted glories of that calling.

The economic interpretation is not the whole of it. You will find other reasons why foreign correspondents leave for home in the pages of Robert W. Desmond's "The Press and World Affairs." It is by all odds the most comprehensive account of the process of foreign correspondence ever published. Written originally as thesis for a doctorate, the book goes minutely into the history and mechanics of the profession from the year one to date, and is generously illustrated with facsimiles of the actual product before and after editorial tailoring. Mr. Desmond is a scholar with considerable newspaper experience and has done extensive research on the whole matter. Anyone who studies this volume—and it is easy reading despite the academic flavor—will know a lot more about the business than any low-down foreign reporter ever knew.

The public, Mr. Desmond believes, should know more about how foreign news is gathered, transmitted, and edited, in order that it may make large discounts

Next Week

MOSCOW 1937
By LION FEUCHTWANGER
Reviewed by William Allen White

YOUNG HENRY OF NAVARRE
By HEINRICH MANN
Reviewed by Katharine Anthony

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and add handfuls of salt in taking its daily doses of dispatches from abroad. Every practising correspondent will agree with him. Knowing the pressures under which the news is collected and perfumed for delicate censors' nostrils, knowing how many of his dispatches are careful formulas of equivocation, the correspondent is often embarrassed by the innocent credulity of his distant audience.

Whether Mr. Desmond's book or any other will ever enable the public to separate the wheat of truth from the chaff of propaganda in the daily news grist is another question. The chances are that the reporter himself does not know precisely where fact ends and fancy begins in his daily output. Indeed, he may feel himself most high-mindedly objective while sending out unadulterated policy stuff for his local hosts. Some of the purest political hokum is wrapped for export in innocent looking statistics, or delivered to a favored few as "inside information" and "hot tips."

The correspondent would be more than human if he did not yield in some measure to the endless shouting and sloganeering of the capital where he is stationed. Besides—and this may come as a shock to those who accept the glowing legend about foreign correspondents at face value—the chief and sometimes sole source of the foreign reporter's information is the local press. In many capitals it is frankly and boastfully a kept press: kept by a totalitarian state. No matter how painstakingly he may search between the lines, and rummage in the marts of gossip, he is still dependent upon the official mendacities published from day to day. Where contact with foreigners has been made hazardous for the natives, as in Russia and Germany, the gathering of first-hand information is practically impossible. Except for his intuition seconded by a little discreet eavesdropping, the reporter is at the mercy of officials.

The heart of Mr. Desmond's story, and the facts most pertinent to this essay, are in his chapter on "Obstacles to the Flow of News." He classifies those obstacles into "censorship" and "propaganda" —that is to say, the direct and indirect interference with honest reporting of foreign affairs. In fiction and on the screen, even in their autobiographies, the correspondents are such dashing, cynical, resourceful fellows; they slap premiers on the back, shoot craps with royalty, and tell dictators where they get off. But in the drab reality described by Mr. Desmond they are not nearly so glamorous. In fact, they are plunged in weary chores, haggle with censors over the phrasing of an innocuous dispatch, compromise with their conscience on the theory that half a truth is better than none, labor to keep official news channels open, and struggle to keep their heads above the tempestuous waters of propaganda.

If anything, Mr. Desmond has understated the case. It is a pity he did not come down to cases in detailed accounts of how certain major news stories of recent years have been covered. An enlightening, if not very pretty, chapter could have been written, for instance, on how foreign correspondents dealt with the murder of Matteoti in fascist Italy. Or how the early Nazi atrocities and the subsequent purges were covered for millions of readers in the outside world.

A particularly unlovely chapter might have been written on how the world's foreign correspondents covered (in both senses of the word) the gruesome Russian famine of 1932-33. Millions had already died of starvation in the Ukraine and North Caucasus and Central Asia before the press corps in Moscow got around to "admitting" the famine. That admission in the New York *Times*, in the summer of 1933, remains as one of the most fantastic pages in the history of American journalism. I am writing on board ship and must therefore quote from memory. But I recall well enough that the extraordinary dispatch began with the statement that anyone who talked of famine in Russia was malignantly exaggerating, then went on calmly to state that "there has been, however, enormous loss of life due to the diseases of malnutrition"! The *Times* correspondent estimated these deaths through malnutrition (not famine, God forbid!) at more than two millions; since then it has been placed by pro-Soviet American commentators at three and four millions, and by communists in Russia at five or more. While the catastrophe was under way, the correspondents were forbidden to leave Moscow, and when it was over and the traces removed, the more "friendly" and amenable correspondents were given several weeks' advantage in visiting the stricken areas.

This Russian episode reflects little glory on world journalism. Not one newspaper or agency, as far as I know, protested against the astonishing and almost unprecedented confinement of its correspondents in Moscow. Ultimately the news was reported, but so late, in such round-about words and diluted form, that today, four years after the event, the disaster is still shrouded in equivocation. A detailed account of the episode would have helped explain why correspondents leave for home, and for other work, despite the much-advertised thrills of their trade.

The blue-penciling of cable dispatches and the threat of expulsion are not the worst of the difficulties. Far more effective are the routine pressures under which the average reporter abroad works every day: the system of psychological intimidation, constant surveillance, temptations to conform, rewards for good behavior, and intrigues that sometimes reach across the ocean into the American editorial offices. Dictated countries and several that are ostensibly democratic eliminate "undesirable" correspondents in advance by the simple expedient of denying entry visas to those suspected of an exotic passion for facts or a sentimental distaste for official gore. It is not generally known that Berlin, Moscow, and a few other capitals have imposed recognition of their absolute right to exclude reporters whom they consider *persona non grata.*

Those allowed to enter are under the continuous necessity of placating the local authorities and making themselves acceptable to officials who have a mon-

(*Continued on page* 14)

Portrait in Glass

By LOLA PERGAMENT

SHE waits, waits constantly for the beautiful situation,
this lady, this elegant person, restrained, lovely woman.
She will not forfeit an inch from her ivory station
to measure the fact she is human.

She will not say to a gentleman's heart, "I adore you,"
if the stars do not shine or the rain is not raining enough.
At night in the garden she sighs lest "This old moonlight bore you."
(The moon is not made of sufficiently romantic stuff.)

No second is right for the thing that should happen in it.
Time is a scene she will not decorate for herself
and life is an ungainly cloak that can never befit
her hope laid in lavender on an emotional shelf.

This lady waits constantly for an impossible perfection.
She will not alter her quota of nothing. She bears
each moment until it has passed . . . then she makes her selection
from futures long weary and winded from walking up stairs.

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Russia's Daniel Boones

40,000 AGAINST THE ARCTIC. By H. P. Smolka. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

WITHOUT any literary pretensions and few, if any, axes to grind in the fields of collectivist vs. individualist theory, this is, for the average reader, one of the most satisfying books of observation that has come out of Soviet Russia. To be sure, except for a chapter or two on the Siberian frontier cities, Mr. Smolka—a London journalist of Baltic origins—is primarily interested in Russia's colonization program in the Siberian North between the Taimyr peninsula and Murmansk. But his even deeper psychological concern seems to be with how life goes on under collectivist auspices, the kind of people—or why shouldn't one say individuals?—a soviet system nourishes, and the kind of lives it makes possible.

So while full justice is done to oil, timber, fur, and metals exploitation, to the development of ocean and air transport which are the economic objectives of far North settlement, Mr. Smolka's most valuable illuminations of Russia are considerably more intimate. It is something, of course, to be told that the Russians will shortly produce oil on the spot for the Arctic freighter fleets, that the Siberian forests should keep the world's paper mills in pulp for centuries after the Canadian reserves are exhausted, that the Northern colonists are solving the fresh vegetable problem with ice-shrouded hothouses, that they have doubled the efficiency of ice-breaking ships in half a decade, and that a ride on an ice-breaker can be almost as exciting as a ride on a stunting airplane. But these observations hardly tell what a people, or their civilization, is like. Fortunately, Mr. Smolka proceeds to fill all gaps with a series of sprightly and unfailingly objective close-ups of the Soviet pioneers as persons.

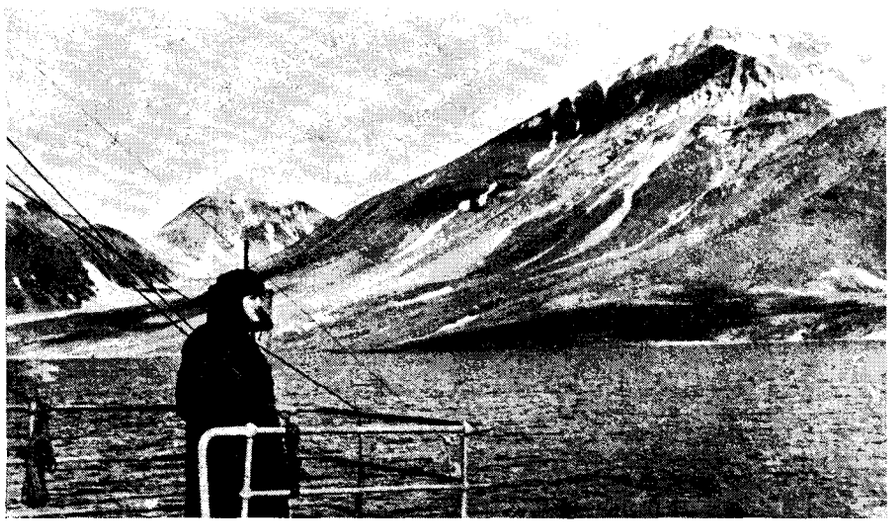
In his account of the Siberians' constant boasting about the growth of their cities — Sverdlovsk, for instance, has jumped from 90,000 to 500,000 since 1920 —he lays bare a booster's impulse certainly not more than three cousinships removed from the good old Chamber of Commerce spirit. In his report of a meeting of the air pilots' wives' local soviet in Krasnoyarsk, he leaves no doubt that, whatever may be the status of political heresy at the top in Russia, Soviet democracy begins with the privilege of bawling out officials and squawking about how the government is run at the bottom.

Then there are the signs of fresher points of view which have taken root in popular psychology. Mr. Smolka was continually being amazed that in the social life of the Northern settlements the leading citizens were always having difficulty remembering who were the prisoners and who were the free proletarians; and at the pride a community took in its prison camp's good work and conduct. When Smolka himself passed a compliment on some phase of the prisoners' conduct, the warden asked him to "say it louder" so "the boys" could hear it. And there was the elderly kulak exile who informed the visitor that he preferred to stay in the North where he had gained a definite place in the community rather than to go back home where the sight of old time enemies and strangers working his land might inflame him "agin th' government."

After long contact with the traditional British attitude toward various species of "natives," the extraordinary pride of the Russian settlers in the cultural and economic progress of the Siberian aboriginal races struck him as definitely idyllic. Neither exploitation nor missionary regimentation in manners and customs seemed to be in evidence, and Mr. Smolka was touched when it was explained to him that nomad visitors to the settlements were being taught the fox trot merely so that they would not feel "shy" and "out of things" when invited to European parties.

One lasting impression from the book has to do with pioneering. Whatever our history books and more venerable economists may have taught us about it, quite evidently men can be lured to difficult frontiers by other forces than direct profit motives. The Russians, as Mr. Smolka reports their fairly intimate reactions to hardships, find sufficient incentives in the consciousness that they are increasing the communal wealth and extending the boundaries of Soviet culture. They take their pay, not in unearned increments, but in the thrills of a kind of geographical Stakhanovism.

Furthermore, there seems no question that in many fundamental ways collectivism makes pioneering more comfortable. Russia's Arctic Daniel Boones would hardly have greenhouses and radio telephones, good air and fair water transport in season, and many household necessities at less-than-Moscow prices, if they had to wait until it "paid" somebody to bring these things to them.



SUN ON THE POLAR ICE. *From "40,000 Against the Arctic."*

Desperate Escapes Across the Desert

THE SEVEN WHO FLED. By Frederic Prokosch. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THIS, the novel chosen for the Harper Prize of 1937-38, is one of those rare books which surpass their publishers' blurbs, for the "brilliance" and the "vigor" of it are the least of its distinctions. It is a very terrible book, a book of beauty agonized through the seven passional biographies it comprehends, a book of conjury, if magic may be allowed to the evocation of the inner Asia Mr. Prokosch has taken as his scene.

The seven Europeans who fled from Kashgar and the political disorders there were unable to travel far together on the caravan route. Layeville, the English adventurer, swerved back towards Tibet and an ultimate escape in the snow. Serafimov, the gorilla of a Russian, and the little Belgian thief, Goupillière, remained at Aqsu as nominal hostages until murder freed them both. Wildenbruch and Von Wald, the ascetic and the pagan, were jailed. Lovely Olivia de la Scaze drifted eventually to a Chinese brothel, while her husband was discovering release in disease and death.

These, then, are the individual escap-

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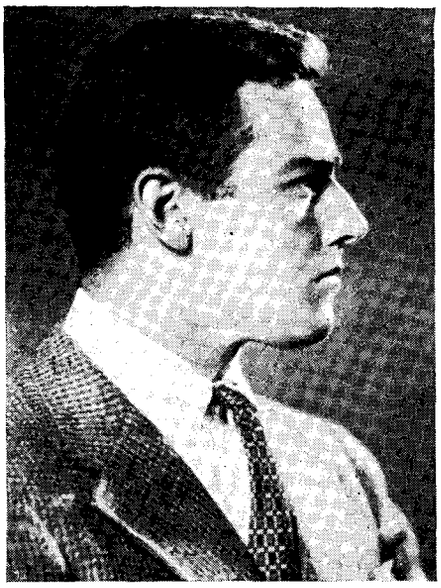


FREDERIC PROKOSCH

ists whom Mr. Prokosch holds to the light of Asia, carrying each the short final way towards his destined end, and delineating in flash-backs (not always expertly) the growth of desire or fright which brought him to Kashgar. "And now the worst desire of all grew on him (Goupillière) . . . for the power, in short, to corrupt the human heart." And Wildenbruch longed for "pain, privation, death!" And de la Scaze, watching visions through his pince-nez, would applaud "the unpredictable Asiatic hordes, with their beautiful, shining limbs and their eyes flashing with obscene cruelties, all slowly approaching, about to take him to themselves, their ancient and consuming selves." For they were his life in death.

This is the stuff of which the author's men are made, the frustrate hunger already familiar in "The Asiatics." And this book too is compact of things furtive and desperate, of the torments of lust, the diseased ambitions, the ravaging of faith. All men are menaced, Mr. Prokosch feels, not by the hostile world alone, but by the evil within themselves, that narrow chink through which the world can reach them. These seven who fled across the Tibetan desert, into plague-ridden cities, and along the foetid Yangtze River, are characters as memorable as fiction has borne in many a day.

It is difficult to determine the elements of Mr. Prokosch's power, for they are synthesized with little regard to novel structure. There is no progressive drama, and little relevance of incident to detail; particularly in the reminiscences, by which the past of each character is illuminated, the always splendid prose could well be weeded. And one feels, too, that without sacrificing impact there could be less putrescence and picking of noses, though it is certainly due in part to these that the phantasy, even the dream-like and continual ecstasies of sex, stand in such exquisite relief.

Proud Citadel

THE SIEGE OF ALCAZAR. By Major Geoffrey McNeill-Moss. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $3.50.

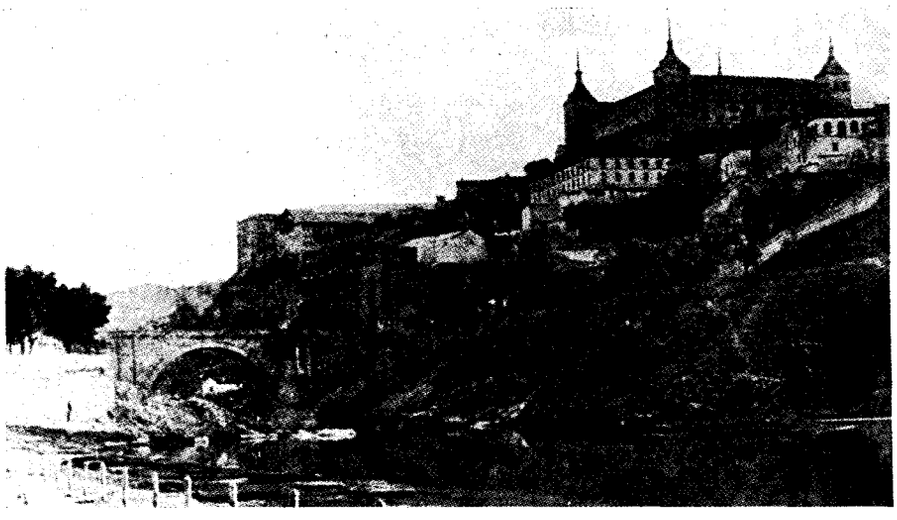
Reviewed by JOHN C. DE WILDE

JUST a year ago the heroic resistance of a small garrison imprisoned in the historic Alcazar was capturing the imagination of the entire world. Today we already have what is likely to prove a definitive history of that siege. Major Moss has carefully pieced it together, relying on a diary, letters, reports, and his own intimate acquaintance with the Alcazar both before and after its investment. Although his account is written from the point of view of the Nationalists, it can hardly be considered prejudiced. He pays tribute to the bravery and idealism of the Government forces, but notes that "they despised established methods, so it is doubtful whether they kept records." Nor does he point any morals or draw any conclusions. His is a simple, straightforward story. He draws a graphic, yet unembellished picture.

No one can fail to be moved by the tale of these people who for a little more than two months endured a siege under terrible privations and against overwhelming odds. There were about 1700 of them, but of these, 670 were old men, women, and children. Contrary to general belief in the outside world, only a few of the combatants were cadets in the Military Academy of the Alcazar. Most were members of the Guardia Civil and young soldiers attached to the Academy. They were besieged by government militia totalling at least seven to eight thousand men and equipped with light and heavy artillery, machine guns, bombs, and a few tanks, armored cars, and airplanes. Against this superior armament the besieged only had rifles, ten to twelve very old machine guns, and two light guns for which almost no ammunition was available. They were totally unprepared for a siege. The meat supply lasted only a few days, after which the horses and mules of the garrison had to be killed. The small stock of groceries was soon exhausted. For the most part the besieged subsisted on daily rations consisting of one almost indigestible roll and two or three small strips of mule or horse flesh in an unpalatable stew. Occasionally a sortie for food brought a slight variation in this monotonous and inadequate diet, but more often the raiders returned empty-handed. There was bad well-water and rain-water, but only a litre a day per person, and none for washing and sanitation.

If the garrison held out, it was owing to a number of factors. Their defense was heroic and able. They were sustained by a remarkable religious fervor, and undoubtedly also by a conviction that their survival was problematic even in case of surrender. They adhered to a policy of "passive defense," exposing themselves as little as possible, shooting for the most part only to repel repeated attacks. The unusual construction of the Alcazar, as Major Moss clearly points out, was of considerable assistance to the defense. Many lives and much privation went into the siege and defense of the Alcazar. It was not because of its strategic importance, but rather because of its symbolic value. To the defenders the Alcazar was the embodiment of religion and tradition for which they were prepared to give their lives. The besieging forces, on the other hand, were fighting "for the destruction of tradition, of privilege, of wealth, of religion," and "the Alcazar seemed the symbol of all these things." Now the siege has been lifted, but the proud citadel is only a mass of ruins. One wonders if they have not fought in vain.

Mr. de Wilde is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.



THE ALCAZAR FROM THE NORTHEAST

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A Vigorous Novel of English Prison Life

MUSEUM. By James L. Phelan. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THERE is a considerable literature of prison life, mostly suffering from an endemic malady—that the more it succeeds in the primary artistic purpose of making the reader feel he himself is doing the ten-year stretch, the more it convinces him that he had better commute his sentence by closing the book. This one is different; it avoids both the esthetically fatal defect of conceding the protagonist's defeat in the preface (which turns so many prison stories into waxwork chambers of horrors), and the jejune attacks on the "system" which turns the rest into social documents.

By this restraint Mr. Phelan has succeeded in putting together what seems a more important social document than all the rest put together, until one realizes that it is, after all, a novel. That is, that the sociologists know all about the horrors of prison already and non-sociologists will never be moved to action by being harpooned into a discussion of penology when they only wanted to curl up in front of a beer-keg with a good story. Anyway, "Museum" is as good a book as there is or will be in a theme already threadbare when Dostoievsky took it up. Mr. Phelan achieves his superiority over other practitioners by a simple device; when he has made his point about a particular institution or bit of penal psychology, he drops the subject. Nobody seems to have thought of this before; the more usual method is to emphasize the repetitiousness of life in jail by making the account of it also repetitious.

The book has positive merits, too. Anyone who has done time can describe prison scenes to the life. Four or five years, or even six months with the same bed, basin, and breakfast fixes every detail indelibly upon the most insensitive retina; but it takes a very good pair of eyes to perceive and record the individuality of convicts and warders upon whom society has spent so huge an effort to stamp uniformity. That Mr. Phelan achieves it implies an almost inexhaustible fund of incident; and he has integrated all the incidents into a single complex and very interesting personality.

It appears from the jacket that the manuscript was smuggled out of prison (convicts in England are not allowed to take away with them anything they write behind the bars); which would account both for the keenness of the relayed experience and for the one sour note—a weak, unconvincing final chapter.

FATHER AND MOTHER DAY
Pretending to fence, with cane and parasol.

A Book of Days

LIFE WITH MOTHER. By Clarence Day. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MOTHER had a way with her, and usually, too, she got her way. There was, for instance, the case of Mrs. Abbott, the housekeeper, who was to make all Father's days a procession of comfortable hours, and who had to be insinuated into the home. How to persuade Father to accept her—that was the question. When Mother's voice floated down the stairwell as he returned from business one evening, agitatedly calling, at just the hour when she was usually too busy dressing or putting the finishing touch to some household task to talk to him at all, that she needed him at once, Father (first hanging hat and cane in the proper place) took the stairs two at a time. Between astonishment at discovering that she thought a stranger could minister to his peace and relief at finding nothing wrong with her and habit on being told that if he didn't hurry and change, he'd be late for dinner, he simply subsided into unwilling acquiescence. And then there was the time when Mother's tender heart ran away with her and Father unexpectedly had to take a course in German. Father didn't want to take German lessons, but what could he do? For Mother had learned from friends that a certain Fräulein von Pilch was in need, and though "she didn't really want to learn German suddenly saw that if she did she would be giving a wonderful surprise to Father the next time they went abroad," and would in the meanwhile be helping an indigent elderly lady to make a living. So Mother contracted for lessons, but alas, there was no sympathy between her and German and things came to an impasse. Still, since she was committed to paying for the course something had to be done about it. She told Father about the surprise she had planned for him, and that she didn't feel well enough to go on with it, and that she thought perhaps she was going to have a baby, and that he should take her lessons until she felt better. Father protested, and walked up and down in his irritation and declared that Mother "was everlastingly throwing herself into hasty and ill-advised projects and then turning to him to be extricated, and that he was tired of it," but he finally capitulated and agreed to take a lesson or two until she was better, saying that "then she must take her medicine." After that Father kept on taking German but Mother never took another lesson.

Reader's of Clarence Day's "Life with Father" will not have to be told that this further chronicle of the Day family is a delectable book. It is, as its publisher says, "more of the same cloth." Indeed, despite its title, Father still holds the center of the stage, still by his robust and positive personality dominating the book as he did his family. But Mother holds her own. She was considerably younger than Father when she married him, and even when she died, some years after him, was young in spirit. She loved life and her friends and her family and her home, was gay and illogical, determined and impulsive and tactful, a perfect foil for Father. Mr. Day has endowed her with the same imperishable vivacity which made Father one of the outstanding creations of recent years. Again, all the delightful Days, parents and red-headed youngsters and family retainers, walk through his pages with enchanting naturalness. There is never a touch of bitterness to Clarence Day's satire, never a hint of mockery in his portrayal. For all that its wit is sharp, there never was a better humored chronicle than this. It is quick with its author's wise and penetrating insight into personality, mellow with his amused and tolerant understanding of life. I know no book of the last few years so full of gaiety and sympathy, so certain to draw a chuckle, so pungent, so incisive, and yet so kindly as "Life with Mother" unless it be its predecessor, "Life with Father."

MOTHER GOING TO CHURCH (1905).

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English '37

The Novelist and the Reader: X

IN the nine earlier papers of this study certain omissions must have been self-evident. Between the third and the fourth installments there should have been a detailed examination of "scene," a word whose meaning we had to take for granted. Between the fifth and sixth the problem of the direct rendition of thought, which we merely summarized, should have been treated in detail to make clear the operation of various mechanisms. Between the seventh and eighth the method which we called behavioristic should have been analyzed at some length. These discussions, which were omitted perforce since this project could run for only eleven weeks, would complete an outline of the first and most elementary problem of technique. We should then have defined the dynamic illusion of fiction and discussed all its immediate technical implications.

An adequate treatment of the relation between novelist and reader would be, on the scale of these papers, about four times as long. After defining the dynamic quality, it would take up the aspect of fiction which I have called its ability to move simultaneously on more than one level of significance. The third division would deal with technical judgment: what simple skill is, why certain parts of a novel are written and other parts are left unwritten, why one scene rather than another is selected from several possible ones, why a given scene is written in a particular way and given a certain emphasis, what determines the length of any passage, what surplus material is, and other related problems. The fourth division, representing the only aspect of technique that is usually discussed in treatises on fiction, would be that blend of esthetics and psychology which achieves generalizations about form and about meaning or philosophy. It would be arbitrary and ex cathedra, it would be exceedingly abstract, and its findings would be dubious, but the problems it would study are probably inescapable—something, however tentative, must be said about them.

These divisions are quite arbitrary, of course; they represent not separate problems in the writing of a novel so much as different ways of examining the same problem. The most important and, it seems to me, most interesting to the reader is the one I have named first, which would logically begin where we leave off. We have observed several implicit conditions of the novel which are either unique to fiction or capable of greater extension and more developed effects in fiction than in any other art. Foremost among these is its ability to move in many dimensions, and our next step would be (and will be, if I ever continue this discussion) to examine that faculty in some detail.

Consider, for instance, the matter of time relations. One need not pursue the metaphysical inquiries to which Wyndham Lewis devoted himself in "Time and Western Man" nor accept his doubtful findings about a revolution in art forms. Long before Bergson or Proust or Virginia Woolf was born, fiction was using its implicit freedom to move in two or more different portions of time at once. In any skillful novel the immediate events frequently move not only forward with time but also backward in the past. What has developed in modern fiction is not a revolutionary new use of this device but only an appreciation of the richness and versatility of its effects. A continuous or extreme use of it always results in a *tour de force*, but every competent novelist employs it naturally as the need arises. Furthermore, the time-reference of any given scene may be not dual but multiple, and may not only exist within the novel but also depend on relationships outside it, in historical as well as imaginary time, in the reader's associations as well as in the experience of the characters and the movement of the story. This conscious use of time complexities is an important characteristic of modern fiction, and any discussion of technique should analyze it in detail.

Similarly with dialogue. At its simplest an exchange of speeches covering a page or so may be only a mechanism for conveying the action of a scene, for telling the reader what is happening. Even at that level, however, it must also be serving other functions, which the novelist must keep in mind. It must maintain the illusion that it is human speech. Now the dialogue of fiction differs not only from actual speech but also from the dialogue of the theater. It is always a convention, and its effectiveness depends on the novelist's establishing his own convention early and observing it from then on. While maintaining the illusion, it must also differentiate the speakers—it must be shaded with individual rhythms and emphases and idioms and syntaxes so that, ideally, the reader will be able to identify the speaker by his words alone. All this at the simplest level. Above it many dimensions open out: of general and specific emotion, of permanent characterization and momentary illumination, of suggestion, of the balance between what is told and what is implied. Dialogue which carries the action also leads into the character of the speakers, clears up ambiguities, rounds out the past, foreshadows the future, suggests far more meanings than it conveys, and holds in equilibrium a great many values not of the character alone but of the whole book.

Furthermore, a developing novel creates new dimensions as it progresses. The significance of any part implies a significance in relation to what has gone before and in relation to what is still to come. The relationships of part to part and of part to whole are dynamic and complex. Fiction is the richer as such relationships are created, as any page is given increased reference to what has preceded it. A skillful novelist gives every incident and every emotion as many links as possible with its predecessors, and the economy of fiction may be observed in the methods by which he does so. A skillfully written scene thus moves in many dimensions, as well of the book as of time and emotion.

But enough has been said to indicate the importance of studying the multiple dimensions of the novel. Our study so far has led up to this problem, and it could be intelligently approached on the basis of the analysis we have made.

"English '37" has brought me a good many letters. I have no desire to argue with readers who, understanding this analysis, disagree with it. I have built it up empirically from writing and studying novels; it is what seems to me in the main true of most fiction, but I have no conviction that it covers the whole field or is even relatively true of all fiction, still less that it is absolutely true of anything. It seems to me a useful way of looking at fiction but by no means an infallible one.

Several correspondents, however, have misunderstood me in a way which I should not care to have perpetuated, since presumably readers of this series will also read what I shall be saying about fiction in *The Saturday Review* hereafter. The misunderstanding may result simply from my correspondents' failure to read my first installment, or it may spring from a common resentment of all analytical approaches to what many

(*Continued on page* 17)

The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Letters to the Editor: *Appreciation of Edith Wharton; In Defense of "Three Comrades"*

Edith Wharton

SIR:—The radio announced at noon today that Edith Wharton is dead in France, where she had lived thirty-five years. Only week before last I reread "The Age of Innocence," and it struck me then as being about the last American novel written which was satisfied with being a novel and not half a dozen other things at the same time. I bought it when it first appeared in 1921, and have read it I don't know how many times. It has everything a novel ought to have: plot, characterization, wit—gorgeous wit—sadness and humor, and exquisite prose. This was the last full-bodied novel of Mrs. Wharton's; after that she perfected her style and fiddled it, succumbed to her technique, like Miss Cather. One more link with Henry James is broken.

No other woman novelist ever wrote more accurately of an authentic American phase than Mrs. Wharton, and no American was more completely removed from the elements which reconstructed our national ways after the war, elements which bedevil the intelligence and so far thwart any technique for writing novels that are not painful to read. There are surely a few readers left who can appreciate a humor a little more subtle than the Marx Brothers.

JOHN T. STEWART.

Bonne Terre, Mo.

"Nathan Burke"

SIR:—As I read Mr. Robinson's article, "Claims of the Buckeye," I wondered if he were not going to include Mrs. Watts's "Nathan Burke" among semi-historical novels with an Ohio setting—and was rather surprised that he did not. It is a very well written (Thackeray-inspired) romance laid in a town just not Cincinnati, in the 1830's and 40's. Though the hero goes off to the Mexican War and takes the story with him, he and it return in time for a satisfactory ending, and there is a very pleasant "early American feeling" all through the book. I think Mr. Robinson should make it an exception to his lament.

LESLIE W. HOPKINSON.

Petersham, Mass.

A Bookseller's Opinion

SIR:—The reply to the question "Why didn't 'Three Comrades' go to the top of the heap" by Miss Henderson in *Saturday Review* of July 31 is not representative of the opinion of the average bookseller, who failed to push "Three Comrades" at first because so many other books looked more attractive and he just didn't get around to reading it. When he did, and found the most beautiful story of friendship and camaraderie of modern times unfolded, the sales immediately began to pick up.

Answering Miss Henderson's objections categorically, I should like to say (1) that such enthusiasm as was displayed for Karl is certainly not old stuff to us. There are not many Karls in America and fewer owners who would know how to get the most out of him at all times. (2) While there seems to be too much drinking going on we must remember that alcohol is consumed on the Continent like water is with us; and that most of us have become so accustomed through reading English novels to hearing restaurants etc. called "Pubs" that we did not even notice the usage here.

(3) We never did like our heroines to die of T.B. but if one actually does so, we see no reason to censure the author on that account.

(4) This particular deathbed scene naturally reminded one of Hemingway's masterpiece but was not objectionable on that score; it was delineated with a delicacy and pathos that even Hemingway need not be ashamed of; and the fact that the heroine died is not the point, which is that two comrades remained and are still carrying on.

ELSIE W. STOKES.

Stokes & Stockell Bookshop,
Nashville, Tenn.

"I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU. I WANTED SO MUCH TO FIND OUT IF YOU WROTE 'PAINLESS PASSION' WITH YOUR TONGUE IN YOUR CHEEK."

"They Came Like Swallows"

SIR:—Your weekly performed a real favor in recently recommending "They Came Like Swallows." I read the original reviews, but had you not re-emphasized the excellence of this little sensitive work, I should have missed one of this year's outstanding contributions to our day's literature.

GERALD S. HESS.

Norwalk, Conn.

Pulps and Prices

SIR:—When I was a young buck, fresh out of college, I used to walk into a book shop about once a week or so and lay $2.50 or $3.00 on the counter for something recent by Edwin Arlington Robinson, or Aldous Huxley, to whose interesting article, "Pulp," this letter refers.

But hard times came along, and I soon found out why people read the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Colliers*. Of course, I could still buy the *Saturday Review*, but nothing like *Harpers* or *The Atlantic Monthly;* and certainly nothing recent in the book way, though I've discovered surprising values, like "Moon and Sixpence," for 25 cents, in hidden corners of old book shops.

There are, I think, so many like me, that Mr. Huxley might have taken us into account. Newspapers and magazines are a cheap means of solving many a man's reading needs. Perhaps more and cheaper paper will bring the really good books more within range of the unenlightened, and some benefits result, after all.

D. A.

Fort Worth, Texas

Data

SIR:—The editor need express no regrets. *Data* has ceased to be a Latin plural; it is an English mass word, with neither foreign nor plural sense in the minds of nearly all users, educated or otherwise. This present writer, being a teacher of English, practises and advises avoiding the word as subject of a verb that shows number agreement. But that is a supine, evasive practice and might well be discarded by the courageous. He who lifts an eyebrow at a singular verb with *data* is more aware of his Latin than of the assimilative powers of his tongue, of paradigm than of linguistics. In writing one may be on guard against distressing the eyebrow-lifters (though Mr. Aikman and Mr. Rodman forgot them), but in speech, meaning will out. No one would say, "I have found a nice datum," but "I have found a nice bit of data." "Data on the subject are plentiful"? No. *Data* is not a countable, but a mass word, like *vegetation,* or *flour,* or *spaghetti. Spaghetti* is plural in form. But does anyone say, "These spaghetti are very good," "Spaghetti are not difficult to cook"? What difference does it make if the form *is* plural? The sense is mass. And data on the subject is not scarce.

LEAH DENNIS.

Montevallo, Ala.

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Nature and Nature Writers

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

NATURE is a term so broad that it might be construed to embrace anything from human nature to the nature of the carbon atom. But nature writing as commonly understood is not so wide a field. The nature writer is expected to constitute himself, as Bradford Torrey titled one of his books, the clerk of the woods—how careful a reporter will depend on his conscience, how profound a philosopher will be due to temperament and training. The nature writer cannot keep his title and run over into fantasy like the talking and humanly motivated animals of Kipling's immortal jungle books. Yet what he observes and does by experiment must not show the bones of scientific method, like Darwin's work on climbing plants, which even Asa Gray found dull because the author included with his results his entire method and equipment.

Good nature writing is indeed close to poetry, far closer than most other sorts of prose, for it is very legitimately concerned with an external beauty. There is no sense in reproaching a nature writer with writing about nature as if it were his love when it so evidently is and ought to be. But the naturalist who takes up his pen acknowledges, or ought to acknowledge, one great duty to science. It is surely his business to report truthfully, just as far as he is able. Mistakes he may make, and I would be the first to acknowledge how painfully deep he may blush for them. But they are, I hope, not quite unforgivable. Not as deliberate falsehood is unforgivable, or a silly or unfounded interpretation. When books that commit these sins are, we learn from librarians, the most popular nature volumes from year to year, from decade to decade, the nature writer who does remember how to blush, blushes for the public, and for his craft.

Many years ago I learned from my parents, both of them reviewers and both book-lovers with a large library, to burn a book when it was a bad one. Neighbors shrieked, around the *auto da fé*, that if we didn't want the book, there was someone who would be glad to have it. What about the empty shelves of the library in the home for superannuated lakeboat captains? What about the downtown recreational center for kitchen wenches? And the answer was: yes, what? A bad book is like a wormy apple. Could you ask the helpless and innocent to be grateful for it when your own gorge rises at it?

So I am going to burn Ernest Thompson Seton's "Great Historic Animals,"* because I don't believe in its sincerity, because its style is excruciatingly mawkish, because the morals of it are as wrong in their way as the morals of "Sanctuary" (another book that I fed page by page into my fireplace) were false. Life, as Stevenson remarked, is hard enough without having it infinitely embittered by bad art. I simply don't take stock in most of Mr. Seton's wolf-wolf stories in this book any more than I believed Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's yarns, some of which were at least titled, with commendable foresight and candor, "Tales You Won't Believe."

Let me see if Mr. Seton convinces you:

He tells us about wolves who "lynched" a companion according to "the primal law" because he "lied" to them. He assures us (I think he is implying it happened in Chicago) that rats "in a desperate mob attack dogs and men, killing children." This exciting incident in my native city whose natural history has long interested me, must have happened before my birth. Even of the rats of Hamelin-town it was only claimed that "they *bit* the babies in their cradles" (italics mine) but then of course Chicago is a tough town, and the rats may have learned from the gangsters.

But Mr. Seton is prepared for critics. Wrapping himself and his yarns in the mantle of Copernicus persecuted by churchly superstition, he dares scientists (grubbing away at dictionaries, he supposes!) to approach the hem of his narrative with their unclean hands. He claims special access to Truth by virtue of his intimate experience with the great outdoors. What he does not have on personal knowledge he gives us on the incontrovertible evidence of "old timers" and the "blasphemous truths" they told him around their campfires on the lone prair-ee-ee. Well, in the tale about the wolf who was good to his old blind mother these cow-punching bards have outdone themselves in their fictional gifts. And Mr. Seton, if he is sincere, has outdone all tenderfeet in gullibility.

I have dwelt so long upon a book as poisonous to the taste of the possible young reader as it is to the sensibilities of a veteran reader of nature books, that I have not space left to supply an antidote from a good one. Anyway, "October Farm" was favorably reviewed in these pages last year. Suffice it that this is a naturalist's ideal of what a good nature book should be. Most astoundingly, it is a long record of country life almost within shouting distance of Walden Pond, and it proves that not even Thoreau could say the last word about the bailiwick we think of as peculiarly his.

To make a fair comparison one has only to do what I did—take the anthology of Thoreau's ornithological jottings published under the title of "Birds of New England," and read it, page against page, in counterpoint with "October Farm," which is also chiefly concerned with the local *Aves*. In style, of course, it is not possible to surpass Thoreau. But as a nature writer, leaving aside Thoreau's moralities, his portraits of his neighbors, and his various introspections, Brewster is (I think I can speak confidently for other and better naturalists than myself) the better of the two. He actually knew more, and this of course we might set down to the scientific advances of his age, though it is owing perhaps to a greater willingness to learn from others and a more complete submission to the disciplines of science.

No disparagement to Thoreau is anywhere intended here. There is no name in American letters I would pronounce so reverently. But it will have to be said, in connection with the present and fu-

THE CHILLINGHAM BULL

Drawing by Ernest Thompson Seton, from "Great Historic Animals."

* *GREAT HISTORIC ANIMALS. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1937. $2.50.

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ture state of American nature writing, that it is a mistake in teachers to expect modern pupils to read Thoreau in preference to Beebe simply because the man of Walden had a noble literary style, for he simply has not a modern attitude toward nature. It is a mistake in critics to ask nature writers not to step out of the Thoreauvian tradition. No writer worth his hire is going to write in another man's tradition, no matter how much he admires it. I do not know of any American critics who write like (or as well as) Sainte-Beuve, but what would be accomplished if we came around every few days to ask them, with a stern frown, why they weren't yet more like Sainte-Beuve?

The future of nature writing (if we can ever get away from the Mrs. Porters, the Setons, and the Archibald Rutledges) lies, I hope, in something that is as much of our day as Transcendentalism and self-taught wood-wisdom were a part of Thoreau's. I am thinking of nature writing in which we shall feel every moment the deep biological undertow beneath the shining surface of nature. The sense of beauty that has long preoccupied nature writers as it has poets will still be there, I hope, but it will be sought not only in the obviously pretty, but in the sinews of nature, the big, slow shouldering of her causative forces. In coal as well as in rainbows, in fish-milt as well as in nectar.

For the rest, it is up to the publishers. Up to them not to accept rubbish and offer it to the public. Yes, I know; a name is a name, to the booksellers, and as so few of them read the stuff they sell, little it matters to them whether the vintage is sweet or sour. Still, it *is* up to the publishers. It is up to them to look about and see how good nature writing can also be made popular nature writing, as has been done in England where top men in their science, like Haldane, Huxley, and J. Arthur Thomson, are expending their best writing on popular books. We simply do not attach the same meaning to popularizing in this country. We seem to think it means and necessitates either the sensational or dumbing-up. Quite incidentally, I don't think it would do our holier-than-thou scientists one bit of harm to have to express themselves (or try to; God knows their efforts to be popular are sometimes pathetic) in language comprehensible to the general intelligent reader. The discipline of "being interesting and being damn quick about it" is one that has, apparently, never been applied to the backsides of a great many botanists, zoölogists, sociologists, and anthropologists.

I referred just now to the general intelligent reader. I wonder when publishers will discover that he (or it is she about three-fourths of the time) is not identical with the man-in-the-street. On being warned recently that a radio audience (to which, after all, I never wrote or spoke) was the man-in-the-street I had the impish impulse to ask who that being was. I was told that a composite picture had been taken of this fellow whose name is legion, and, when developed, the negative bore the face of a taxi-driver in a town of 100,000 population. Well, taxi-drivers generally don't buy books. Neither do their wives.

And I wonder when publishers will learn a lesson from the magazines that are rising in popularity, not sinking or just keeping their snouts out of water. There are two kinds: the "look" type, depending on illustration, and some of it very good illustration, and the digest or pocket type. But when a nature writer proposes a generously illustrated book to his publisher, that good friend of his is likely to clutch his ledger, and manage to gasp out "You're trying to ruin me," before he falls unconscious. Yet it can be done; witness Gordon Aymar's recent top-notch look-book called "Bird Flight" with just a running fire of caption and comment. Scientists went around waving copies and cheering.

As for digest books, I don't see why the public isn't showing very good sense in buying the in-a-door magazines. I seldom read an article in the old-line magazines that couldn't be boiled down to about a third of its content and still contain everything worth knowing. Personally I would like very much to own a digest of William Morton Wheeler's wonderful and quite crushing tome on ants. I would like "The Origin of Species" in a form to tote on my hip, the way I carry a pocket R. L. S. and a pocket Keats, to have as intimate companions, breviaries of a brevity. . . ! Here, however, we run up against the taboo of the booksellers, whose old-time religion still tells them that they must have "a book that bulks well."

In the meantime the buying public goes on demonstrating that it does not insist on nature books of a conventional size. Quite the contrary, the works of this category that it purchases most enthusiastically are culled from the counters of the ten cent store (hated by the owners of empty bookstores with a deep dark hatred). True, the texts of these little nature books might be more accurate—if better scientists were not too pure-handed to write them. They might be better illustrated too, without increasing cost production, for poor workmanship commands the same price as better. But they are illustrated, profusely, and in colors. And they don't bulk. They are slim little fellows that are being slipped into hundreds of thousands of pockets, books to take into the field, books for quick reference, books to dip into, books to use. And surely, surely, that last is one of the things that books are for?

Donald Culross Peattie is the author of "Singing in the Wilderness," "An Almanac for Moderns," "Green Laurels," and "A Book of Hours."

Snows of Yesteryear

THE BRIEF HOUR OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. By John Erskine. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE life of François Villon, that celebrated "student, poet, and housebreaker," is a tempting field for romantic speculation, as several recent imaginative biographies attest. We have precious little information about the poet anyway, and after 1463, when he was banished from Paris for the third time, supposedly aged about thirty-two, he disappears entirely from history. No one knows the circumstances of his later life (if any) or of his death. Already he had a long record of petty thievery behind him, and at least one murder on his conscience. Hence in all probability the hand of justice or of some vengeful companion in knavery speedily ended his days. Mr. Erskine thinks not, however. He goes on with the story, supplying Villon with some fantastic new adventures, couched in the familiar and deliberately anti-historical Erskine vein. According to this version, the poet fell in love with a lady of high degree, reformed, and remained true to her memory, though her sad death at an early age prevented their union. Finally he settled in Provence, abandoned poetry, became a respectable notary, and brought up a daughter, relic of his unregenerate Paris days.

JOHN ERSKINE

Whatever one may think of this sentimental yet disillusioned epilogue, so different from the violent end bestowed on the poet by Francis Carco, the story as a whole interprets the real Villon about as clearly as did that classic of an earlier generation, "If I Were King." It is true that Mr. Erskine succeeds in making some portions of the tale exciting and amusing in a somewhat childish way. His Villon, fleeing from the Provost's men, is a fifteenth century Dillinger of manifold implausible escapes. He is also endowed with considerable amorous prowess and an inexhaustible supply of Cabellian conversation thereupon. Curiously, no attempt is made to provide this conventional picaresque hero with an adequate background of the period. The Villon of history, the sordid but moving figure of his own poems, authenticated by the researches of Champion, appears seldom in the course of this harmless but irrelevant charade. New translations of some of the poems are among the better features of the book.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

V. On the Ramp

AFTER a good many years of fighting, Greeks and Trojans have reached, by mutual attrition, some sensible compromises. Both high commands realize that if the enthusiasm of the troops is to be maintained the war must be kept reasonable. Accordingly, combat in the field is usually concluded by 6 p.m., and hostilities of all sorts given a positive curfew at 9 p.m. A strip of territory running from the city down to Sarpedoni's Beach has been declared neutral, and is frequented during the evening hours by soldiers of both sides. They meet there in the pursuit of relaxation, as we shall have a chance to observe presently. Their attitudes are not cordial, but at any rate without open breach.

In Troy itself, the walk along the ramparts is the favorite evening promenade. It commands a broad view of the whole terrain. From the battlements we see the two rivers (Scamander and Simois) lined with clumps of willow and shimmering ranks of reeds; and lotus lilies in the backwaters. Far out in a sea suffused with late sunset is the blue outline of Tenedos Island. On the landward side, the pointed conifers of Mount Ida silhouette in fringe against pellucid twilight.

From below, inside the wall, rises the hum and movement of the city at its evening affairs. Outward, we look down on the Greek camp preparing supper. The wall is not open to civilians until the 9 o'clock signal, for occasional arrows, rocks, fireballs or ingenious stinkpots are likely to come over.

Troilus, in full fighting kit, is on guard duty on the wall. Fuscus, with a little pushcart, comes down the line collecting the armor of his troop. I'll take yo' stuff, Marse Trolius, it's right on closin' time.

Troilus, peering into the twilight, waves him away. Wait a minute, he says. I'm trying to figure out what they're doing down there.

Which way, dat bonfire down by the river? I reckon dat's Menelaus, it look like he makin' a smoke barrage of his ole socks. Poor ole Basilisk, he mus' be pretty desperate.

No, no; there by the cypress tree.—Then Troilus's voice changes. Look out! Low Bridge! he cries sharply, and Fuscus crouches behind the battlements. There is a nasty whizz, and Troilus, holding up his great shield, catches an arrow on it. He waves ironically at the enemy and answering catcalls are heard from far away. He holds the shield for Fuscus to pull out the missile. Then he sees that it has a paper folded round the shaft.

Another one of those messages. Read it.

Who, me? I don' read any such trash. What it say, Marse Trolius?

Troilus smooths out the paper; the slave produces a flashlight by which the message is read. "Trojans, why prolong the agony? Economic Forces doom you to defeat."

For goodness' sake, cries Fuscus, what-all way is dat to fight a war, wid economics?

I'll bet that was Diomedes, says Troilus angrily. I think I can still get him. See if I don't make him jump.

He picks up his sling, inserts a stone, and aims with great care. As he is doing so the 9-o'clock siren sounds.

Cheese it, Marse Trolius, dat's curfew —But Troilus has gone too far to restrain. He lets fly, and apparently scores a hit, for there is a yell of pain, followed by a multiple shout of anger.

Nicked him, says Troilus.

Dass good slingin', but you get in trouble dat-a-way, shootin' after hours.

Troilus seems absent-minded. He gazes moodily over the wall as Fuscus removes the armor and piles it in the cart.

It seem to me nobody obey de rules any more, dis ole war gettin' out o' control. Dey's gettin' to be too many undercurrents to suit my taste. Too many undercurrents, stream go crazy an' flow uphill.

Troilus, leaning against the rampart, pays no attention.

Take dat big Greek Horse, fer instance. I wish I knowed what dey tryin' to abretize. Take dem scan'lous doin's at de big jubilee an' de way Miss Cassie act up. What-all a war comin' to if its own lady folks take a scunner on it? Lawzee, don' we fight dis whole shootin-match to do credit to a lady?

Still, to the darky's disappointment, his master keeps silence.

Those Greeks, they don' look to have no genteel behavior for ladies. You can tell by de way dey carries on with dem Hittite an' Sanskrip floozies down at the beach. Look how dey wanted to keep Miz' Helen cooped up in dat ole Lacydemon wid no chance to make a reputation for hersef. Dis war, ef it don' fizzle out, goin' make her reputable for a long whiles to come. Lissen honey, widout dey's fightin and ructions, what future has ladies got? You can't have high-class trouble without a lady to smarten it up, no more'n a spaniel can't eat without gettin' his ears in de gravy.

One of those big three-quarter moons is rising over the sea; the moon at its phase when it looks most human. Softly it is getting the better of the sunset aftershine. Perhaps Troilus was waiting for the evening to grow a little darker before saying anything; but Fuscus' innocent babble would lure confidences from the Sphinx (the only creature more delicately reticent than a sensitive young man).

Suppose, Troilus says; and pauses.—Suppose you haven't even met the lady you want to fight for. I mean you've seen her, but you hardly even remember her face.

FUSCUS—Maybe dat's lucky.—Excuse to me, Marse Trolius, I don' mean it the way it sound.—Thass what they call co'tly love. It's de bes' kind.—Among de quality, love aint got no call to get too pussonal.

TROILUS—Don't you think, if a face is beautiful, you ought to be able to think of it in detail? If you were trying to remember a face, what feature would you think of first?

FUSCUS—You gotto remember, Marse Trolius, if I'm thinkin' about a face, it's a different kind of a face.

TROILUS—All I can really see is the eyebrows.

FUSCUS—That's a pretty feature, I used to take note on 'em mysef. It always strike me queer, those lil bitty hairs to grow jes so, it's cute, they mus' be some sense to it.

TROILUS—Glorious! I'd like to bite them.—Do you suppose anyone ever did?

FUSCUS—Well now, does you mean some special eyebrows, Marse Trolius, or eyebrows as you might say in bulk?

TROILUS—It was just a crazy thought. People don't do silly things like that.

FUSCUS—Nosuh, no indeedy. (But he can't control himself; the rich infectious negro laugh rings out. He smothers it, however.) 'Pears to me like I better push on and swage de rest of dat armor.—But as he leaves, Fuscus adds: Marse Trolius, I'm proned ter believe, most everything bitable has already been bit.

What the coon says is probably so, but it doesn't bother Troilus who is already thinking his own thoughts. We pass, if you please, into quite a different mood. Rare indeed the young man who, if left alone under adequate stimulus, has not experienced it:—

The forward moon that hurried early up
Wasted herself against such gaudy light,
Unnoticeable; and then suddenly,
Swift as the gust that crimps a windward water
Competing colors doused, and there she rode

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The singular of the sky.
So did that lady shine above the crowd:
In all that great assembly only she.
My eyes stood to, like awkward raw recruits
To make their shy salutes—
Salutes, recruits, there germinates a verse.
Zeus, isn't it wonderful just to talk to yourself!

I am well served for making shallow mock
Of friends who showed an interest in girls.
I had a boy's plain curiosity
How are they made, and why;
But wearied of the ribald tedious jape
Of trull and flittermouse and catchme-quick,
And so, the young dogmatic, I announced
Life was full already, without women!
That a face could satisfy the heart
And pledge the nerves in such convivial wine,
Rising like health, like sap through every twig,
To ramify and foliate the mind
And be so simply right—why I, I, I
Just had no notion!
O sweetheart, in that shameful temple brawl
She simply raised her brows and looked apart.
Regardless of all clamor and dispute
Just arched her brows, and looked don't-give-a-damn!

What color were the eyes? What have they seen?
What has she thought about? and would she tell?
What does she look like when she sits at home?
Where was she all this while? Unperfect health?
Or waiting one accomplished to arouse her?
How does she speak in her loquacities,
What sound of voice? I guess a trifle shrill
With some confidential tones of mischief.
How dress her hair? Has lots of pretty garb
To keep the eye expectant of devices?
How shaped indeed to please a closer eye?
On this side fulness, surely, yet of heft
Sufficient to afford a lively wrestle.
Farce, I belabor the unknowable!

But just the way she stood, the very poise
And turning sweet contrivance of her body,
The flux from one to other attitude
Was motion absolute; unconscious, pure.
And yet a sense so cunningly conveyed
Of damns she did not give, must still have been
At least a tinge, a tithe, considerate art?
She arched her brows and didn't seem to look—
No, no; *she* didn't arch them, they were shaped
Upward by nature, like delicious bridges
For idle thoughts (like these) to cross, to pause,
Look down, and watch themselves. . . .

Thus the glorious unconscious lunacy of a boy thinking romance for the first time; just letting it roll. But one does not remain long solitary on the ramps of Troy in a night of stainless moon. Antenor, Deiphobus and Aeneas, in summer flannels and each with a light-o'-love on his arm, come by the bastion. They are amused to find Troilus there; it is contrary to his schedule.

ANTENOR—Hi! How come? You're off duty.

DEIPHOBUS—Still checking up the Errors of the Day?

AENEAS—What's the matter with Prayers and Bed?

TROILUS—Don't let me interrupt you.

DEIPHOBUS—Come on with us, we're going over to the Square. Sour Puss is at it again.

TROILUS—I don't think I understand.

DEIPHOBUS—Cassandra's holding a public forum, questions and answers on public policy.

ANTENOR—We've got some questions to ask her.

AENEAS—We're taking the girls along to illustrate.

(The young ladies laugh merrily to show that they too enjoy the joke. Troilus is puzzled but still polite.)

TROILUS—Very nice, I'm sure.

DEIPHOBUS—We're going to ask her, if Troy's going to fall anyway, why shouldn't these girls do it first?

(Troilus is disgusted. He remarks with dignity: I have a touch of fever, gentlemen; I pray you pardon me.)

ANTENOR: Hay fever.

AENEAS—He's not very sociable. Don't come too close: Mayonnaise is dressing.

DEIPHOBUS—Maybe we can find Paris. He'll go with us.

ANTENOR—I saw him going into a pub.

TROILUS—(As he leaves) More likely you saw him *coming*.

(To be continued)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 178)

J. C. F. Von SCHILLER: "DON CARLOS."

And yet
The seeds you sow around you are the seeds of death.
Man will reclaim once more his just and hallowed rights.
Renounce the mimicry of godlike powers
Which levels all to nothing. . . .
. . . Grant us liberty of thought.

A Tragic Chapter of Industrial England

SONG ON YOUR BUGLES BLOWN. By Eric Knight. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE leading character in this book is a Yorkshire mill district. This is both the novel's weakness as a novel and its strength as a piece of literature. As a novel, its theme is conventional, familiar, even melodramatic. It is the story of Herrie Champion, mill worker and bastard son of a mill owner, who tries to escape from his circumstances through painting. But if the theme is not new, Mr. Knight's handling of a Yorkshire mill district is new, original, and persuasive. It is Yorkshire which steals the show from Herrie Champion and his art, and which holds your attention and your imagination relentlessly until the book is finished.

Mr. Knight has lived in America for many years, and after so long an absence can he have given an accurate description of the Yorkshire mills? That is for people to answer who know Yorkshire better than I. But he has given a true description of poverty, and it is the kind of description which a novelist needs to give, and from which other novelists could learn.

For the book is not an attempt to persuade those who are already persuaded. It is detached, it takes no sides. Certain things exist, and it is the fact of their existence, not its causes, which concern the author. The reader's imagination does all the rest. As you read, and the village and its inhabitants take shape in your mind, it is difficult not to ask yourself what is wrong with a civilization which has brought such things into being; or what is wrong with a world which can force so fine a character as Tawpun to say over Herrie's body only this, "Well, he's kicked the bloody bucket now, and he's out of the whole mucking business." The loveless marriages, the drunkenness, the cruelty—are these inherent in the Yorkshire nature, or is there another reason? The millowner is bankrupt, the mill is a drug on the market, a little girl walks four miles and back to buy a half-penny turnip for her family's whole supper. Whatever is to blame for this, a nameless something, haunts the whole book; not because Mr. Knight has deliberately asked any questions, but because the questions arise from the power, integrity, and compassion with which he has handled his material. If Herrie Champion could have reached the stature of his background, this might have been a great book. In any event, it must be said that "Song On Your Bugles Blown" is a novel which should have been written and which should be read.

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Foreign Correspondents

(*Continued from page 4*)

opoly of news sources, besides controlling local social circles and sometimes the ordinary necessities of everyday life. For every correspondent who thrives on expulsions there are two score who dare not risk their livelihoods by quarreling with their official hosts. There are a few headliners whose reputation is so firm that they dare offend foreign pomposities and blaspheme against totalitarian sacred cows. But the average correspondent is more likely the worried father of a family, earning too little to accumulate a surplus, with a vigorous distate for gambling his job in the interests of truth or scoops. He realizes that his first job is to make friends in strategic places. He fears, not without justification, that if he runs afoul of the local dictators he will be set down by his home editors as a bad diplomatist and a trouble-maker. Everything points to the moral that discretion is the better part of valor, and the correspondent with a healthy instinct for survival is not likely to be too obstreperous.

Soon enough the newly arrived correspondent notices that the more successful of his colleagues are usually those who "play ball" with the local Press Department. Sometimes he even discovers that his bosses, far from being grateful, are only annoyed by truth-telling that offends a foreign government. He may hear the case report—and I refer to an actual case—of a first-rate correspondent who got himself blacklisted by both Russia and Germany for the sin of reporting events straightforwardly. Did his employers reward him for his self-sacrificing allegiance to honest reporting? The sad facts are that they kept him in London for a while and then, since his usefulness in both Russia and Germany was ended, they gave him the sack. Only if they were congenital idiots with a relish for martyrdom would this man's successors in Moscow and Berlin venture to offend the respective dictators.

The correspondent's temptations to conform are almost overwhelming. Whatever justification there may be for his partisanship, the reporter who is too earnestly pro-Fascist in Italy, pro-Nazi in Germany, pro-Stalin in the Soviet Union, too vehemently Anglophile in London or Francophile in Paris, has selected the easier path. To be invited to exclusive official functions, to play bridge with political big-bugs, to be quoted and patted on the back by the powerful newspapers where one lives and works, these are satisfactions not easy to forego. By the same token, the dog-in-the-manger sense of being rejected by the new milieu—and dictatorial regimes are expert in salting the wounds of ostracism—is not easy to bear. Not so much the technical censorships (which are easy enough to circumvent if one is willing to risk punishment) but the subtle discrimination and blandishments are the most formidable obstacles to the flow of news.

The simple truth is that the dictators in Europe have to a large degree succeeded in winnowing out those foreign correspondents inclined to report too realistically, those not easily fooled by synthetic popular demonstrations and doctored statistics. Sometimes life is made so onerous for them that they withdraw ostensibly of their own volition, to be replaced by more tractable successors. Other times the home office is led to believe that its representative, being a cantankerous stickler for facts, prejudices his employers' chances of an even break on hot news. In one way or another the troublesome correspondent is eased out, while the more easy-going and "friendly" one remains. How "coöperative" the press corps in a given censored country is depends on the length of time the censors have had to educate their guests. In Moscow and Rome the correspondents are pretty well "broken in." In Germany, the youngest of the major dictatorships, the job is not yet complete. But already those whose hostility to Nazi methods was most marked—Mowrer, Kuh, Deuss, and others—are out.* Of the newer correspondents, not one is animated by the active dislike for Hitlerite tactics which got their predecessors into hot water. They are in the nature of things more amenable to the Berlin Press Department. In time they will be as docile as their confrères in Moscow or Rome. It may take Hitler a few years to accomplish it, but the incorrigibles will be eliminated and their successors will be placidly *persona grata*.

In the American legend, as I have already suggested, the correspondent is a romantic fellow living life to the full under a corona of colorful dangers. The autobiographies have fortified and cashed in on the legend. Hollywood, I am informed, is on the edge of a cycle of pictures with foreign correspondents as heroes. It is no part of my intention to disturb the vision, especially since I have one of those pestiferous autobiographies on the fire myself. But in the interests of approximate truth it needs to be pointed out that fashions in foreign correspondents, too, are changing. The flamboyant, death-defying foreign journalist is giving way to a more sedate, interpretive fellow, concerned with economic forces and deeper political trends.

The reason is not far to seek. The character of the news has changed. The doings of the royal households in London and Bucharest, it is true, still provide a good deal of old-fashioned foreign news without social content. But that's gravy. The meat of the news diet is provided by economics and social upheavals, conflicting political philosophies and phobias of salvation. Occasionally a news agency still sends a routine police reporter to cover a social revolution, though he may not be able to distinguish Karl Marx from Harpo Marx. But on the whole the new press corps abroad is of a more serious mental complexion. The bibulous school of reporting is definitely on the decline; even old-timers begin to admit that a teetotaler may make a passable correspondent notwithstanding—one of the best is addicted to chocolate.

It is perhaps through an instinctive sense that their species may soon be extinct that the older types of correspondent, raised in the tradition of do-and-dare, hasten to record their experiences. Even a Richard Harding Davis could have done little in the face of modern censorships, against the handicaps of modern propaganda machines. Imagine a Floyd Gibbons boldly hacking his way through the jungles of Five Year Plan statistics, or Linton Wells dramatically scooping the world on the progress of Mussolini's marsh reclamations. Despite civil and international wars, the scope for melodrama in foreign correspondence is increasingly restricted both by the nature of the news and the nature of the obstacles with which reporting is surrounded. The current crop of books by correspondents may remain as the literary heritage of a passing journalistic era.

Mr. Desmond's "The Press and World Affairs"† which gave me the excuse for unloading a few long-cherished notions about the job of foreign corresponding, seems to me an important addition to the many books on journalism. Newspapering, that noisy, colorful, much overrated and much-maligned stepchild of literature, has need for a little calm analysis in a scholarly spirit. If the book merely makes its readers more suspicious of the foreign dispatches, it will have served a good purpose. After becoming aware of the intricacies of the business, the actual and potential corruptions to which it is exposed, one is sure to accept the daily flow of facts, near-facts, and solemn conjectures about the course of events in a more skeptical spirit. Who wrote the dispatch under scrutiny? Where was it written? What barriers of concealment or self-interest did it have to hurdle? Above all, did the all too human reporter have anything to gain professionally and socially by explaining and conjecturing as he did? Such questions are inevitable after observing in Mr. Desmond's pages the mechanics whereby a hundred million Americans each day get their quota of foreign information through newspapers and over the radio.

And the reader will also gain a new perspective on the correspondent's job that reveals it as a lot less glamorous but also a lot more important.

Eugene Lyons edited "We Cover the World," a symposium by foreign correspondents, and is the author of "Assignment in Utopia," to be published this fall.

* Since Mr. Lyons wrote the above the London *Times* correspondent, Norman Ebbutt, has been expelled from Germany.

† The Press and World Affairs. By Robert W. Desmond. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1937. $4.

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Arms and the World

THE PROFITS OF WAR THROUGH THE AGES. By Richard Lewinsohn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $3.

RAW MATERIALS IN PEACE AND WAR. By Eugene Staley. New York: Council on Foreign Relations. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

THE role of the iconoclast is an attractive one in the intellectual world, and few persons are better equipped to play it than Richard Lewinsohn, European student of the influence of money on the conduct of politics. Figures of renown, from Cæsar to the Du Ponts, are exhibited in this book as the very human profit-seekers they were and are. For those shocked by the revelation that Christopher Columbus was an avaricious racketeer engaged in exploration for the sake of extortion, "The Profits of War," with its unimpassioned recital of facts, will make highly interesting reading. It replaces the tarnished luster of school-book heroism with a new glamour —the magnetic attraction of earthy figures who have reaped a golden harvest from war and have spent with a lavish hand.

It is indeed an imposing array of figures who pass before our eyes. There are generals: Wallenstein, Marlborough, the aides of Napoleon, Wellington, Bismarck's military men, and the British World War leaders. There are bankers: the Medici, the Fuggers, the Rothschilds, the Morgans, and their counterparts. There are munitions makers whose names and sins have been blazoned in the world press for years. And finally, there are lesser known but highly successful contractors who furnish supplies to armies for a consideration, and speculators with brief, comet-like careers.

From the beginning the proceeds of war and pillage were enormous. But the soldiers, more adept at combat than acquisitiveness, have failed to keep their place in the front rank of war profiteers. Their own war machines are so destructive that little is left for plunder. As servants of the state they now feel the ethical stigma involved in direct financial gain from the quasi-religious wars of modern nationalism. The bankers, too, have seen their golden age. Today, in wartime, the state itself performs the functions it once farmed out to them. The same development is inherent in the drive for nationalization of the arms industry. Hence farsighted munitions makers have no desire for a general war, which might destroy them. They prefer a constant state of international tension, productive of armament orders.

Thus Mr. Lewinsohn concludes that the increasing efficiency of the state as a war machine will spell the doom of these classical forms of war profit. But he cannot conceive of a capitalist community effectively shutting off the golden stream. All it can do, he maintains, is to change its direction. The profits of arms manufacturers will be restricted, but in their place will appear new fortunes built on the supply of basic raw materials and food to nations at war.

"The Profits of War" covers a fascinating field, but unfortunately it does not achieve its purpose. His aim, the author states, is to provide a systematic and comprehensive analysis enabling the reader to form an objective opinion on the subject. What the reader actually receives is a collection of interesting but isolated incidents culled from numerous histories and biographies and loosely patched together. No attempt is made to integrate the profit motive with the other causes of war. Was it lust for personal financial gain that caused the great martial figures of history to embark on their campaigns, or has the financial stimulus been merely a subordinate factor? If the social order could be altered to eliminate individual profits entirely, would we still have war? These are vital sociological questions of the day. Mr. Lewinsohn had a marvelous opportunity to answer them, but he has neatly dodged the difficulties of his subject. Mr. Staley attempts analysis of some of the wider problems which Mr. Lewinsohn has evaded.

"Raw Materials in Peace and War," a report to the International Studies Conference prepared by Professor Staley and a group of distinguished economists, probes deep into the political and economic complex out of which the phenomena of international tension arise. From this book one conclusion emerges strikingly: the international raw materials problem is in essence an armaments problem. Self-sufficiency in raw materials is sought not in order to raise the standard of living but to increase military power. Were the spur of international insecurity removed and its concomitant, economic nationalism, restrained, the question would sink into the background. Economic self-interest would dictate the reduction of barriers to trade and investment which hinder access to basic commodities. In sum, what the author calls "the pathological sense of insecurity which has come to dominate the thought of many nations on the subject of raw materials" will yield only to an effective system of collective security so organized that it destroys the prospect of war.

Political nationalism, in other words, is the ultimate force with which we must contend. The powers must be educated to accept a certain measure of supranational control over their foreign affairs and their trade and investment relationships abroad. Less comprehensive "solutions" will be little more than fruitless palliatives as long as the doctrine of unfettered national sovereignty remains at its zenith.

Irrefutable though they be, these conclusions are almost completely out of line with existing facts and tendencies in the realm of international affairs. It is a sad commentary on the state of our civilization that the most logical remedies for our ills are likewise the most unrealistic. Striving to ease day-to-day crises in which the question of raw materials plays a part, the diplomat must turn to the palliatives discarded by the scholars if he is to preserve even the current precarious peace. In this volume he will find little to assist him in his task. But "Raw Materials in Peace and War" remains, for all that, a clear and able analysis of the problems with which it deals.

Five Miles High

THE ASCENT OF NANDA DEVI. By H. W. Tilman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $3.50.

THE zeal to climb mountains, to freeze and sicken and very likely perish, will always seem lunatic to many readers, or at best foolhardy, considering the scant scientific advantages usually attained thereby. But Mr. Tilman is one to make a convert of the most skeptical. Nanda Devi, rising 25,645 feet in the British Himalayas, according to that eminent mountaineer, Dr. T. G. Longstaff, is not only very difficult to climb; it is also the highest mountain that has yet been climbed to the top. Previous expeditions by Longstaff, Tilman, and a score of others were balked in turn at the very approach to the "Home of the Goddess," as the lowest pass through its barrier mountains was at 17,000 feet, a considerable challenge in itself. Tilman's expedition approached through the Rishi Gorge, pushed up over glaciers, slab rock, and waist-deep snow, fixing permanent camps at intervals on slopes of thirty degrees, until at last Tilman and Odell alone reached their goal.

It was a curious "show," as the author calls it; the party was made up of English and Americans, ranging in age from twenty-two to over fifty, and three uncongenial races of native porters, the Manas, Dotials, and Sherpas. To the purist mountaineer the climb must appear shamefully unconventional, for its members provided their own finance, avoided all publicity, disdained mechanical aids such as oxygen apparatus, snowshoes, and crampons, climbed part of the way in rubber-soled shoes, carried packs, and enjoyed themselves. There was very little professional earnestness amongst them. There was instead a great good humor, which remained unshaken by the tantrums of the weather or each other's foibles.

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English '37

(Continued from page 8)

people believe to be a romantically inscrutable and even sacred process. Whichever it is, let me say as clearly as possible: I do not believe that technical expertness is the principal value of fiction.

There are no rules for the writing of fiction, there are not even any master principles. In fiction, in all the arts, that which succeeds is right and that which fails is wrong. The world is full of novels which succeed by violating, at random or systematically, everything I have said herein and everything any critic of technique may say. What makes a novelist important is, in the last analysis, not his technical skill but the qualities of his personality: his intelligence, his energy, his sincerity, his intensity, his wisdom, above all his sensitiveness to human emotion and his feeling for the reality, the validity, and the poignance of human experience. The more he has of such qualities, the more of them he can afford to squander—as he must squander them whenever his technique is awkward or ineffective. A technically perfect novel by a mediocre person is necessarily inferior to a novel by a great personality which is technically inept.

So long, that is, as ineptness does not become ineffectiveness. For it is only by technical skill that the personal endowment of the novelist can be implemented. The better technician he is, the better novels he will write, the less the reader must excuse or fail to get, the more complete his communication will be. Technique is part of the intellectual equipment of the novelist, as distinguished from the emotional or instinctive part, and so seems inferior or unworthy to many people, but it is an indispensable part. Technique for its own sake is offensive—a symptom of artistic sterility that is diagnostic of coterie art, or a regrettable mistake as in at least one section of "Ulysses." But no novelist can be too expert technically. We should not want at any cost to lose the novels of Theodore Dreiser but they would mean more to us, they would be far better novels, if Mr. Dreiser knew more about the art of writing; and, as I have said elsewhere, one of the important questions in contemporary fiction is whether Mr. Wolfe will eventually acquire a decent minimum skill in the use of a novelist's tools.

The novelist who is devoted exclusively to technique is an arty fool, but the novelist who is disdainful of it is a defective or an incompetent. Most readers are never bothered by the former, whose books they instinctively avoid. But the latter are always with us. And that is why the lay reader may learn, by reflecting on technique, to voice and make effective a resentment which he otherwise expends in mere boredom.

(To be concluded)

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Hitler Improved

A NEW SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY. By Werner Sombart. Translated and edited by Karl F. Geiser. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE C. HOMANS

WERNER SOMBART is a greatly distinguished sociologist, but in this book he is writing less as a man of science than as a man of feeling. Before it was translated, "A New Social Philosophy" was called "Deutscher Sozialismus"—a much more suitable title. Sombart is writing for Germans alone. His is a description of what National Socialism ought to be and might be, rather than what it is, in the view of a man who is nevertheless not out of sympathy with the Nazis. Here appear the traits which have been characteristic of the thinking of the followers of Hitler: the same agony at the loss of the ancient German social institutions of guild and village community, the same contempt for the standards of the economic age, the same longing for organization and discipline, the same insistence that a scheme of society shall be devised for Germany which is specifically German, the same antagonism to Marxism combined none the less with the will to call anti-Marxist theories socialism.

Sombart makes many wise observations. He says of Marx, for instance: "He did nothing other than to reconstruct the particularities of the economic age into the general elements of the history of mankind." This is true not only of Marx, but of all the economic interpretations of history. In an age like the nineteenth century, when for the moment the economic factors in the development of human society were making themselves conspicuous, the intellectuals naturally emphasized their importance, not only for that time but for all time, at the expense of other factors. But the thing that is interesting about this book is not its occasional sense but its pervading sentiment. Thanks to literature of the type of "It Can't Happen Here," we in America have been likely to think of Hitler's regime as a tyranny imposed by vulgar ruffians on an unsuspecting people. In point of fact it was embraced by multitudes of Germans, and embraced because it expressed their deepest sentiments. What some of these sentiments were, and the way they were rationalized by an intelligent intellectual, is displayed in Werner Sombart's book. One of the most interesting questions of the time is this: which of these sentiments were engendered by the history of Germany and which by the general development of industrial society? It is still unanswered.

George C. Homans, fellow in the sociological department at Harvard University, is co-author of "An Introduction to Pareto."

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A Note on Isabel Wilder

Publication of the first book by Isabel Wilder, sister of the famous author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, was awaited with more than ordinary interest—which was fully justified when *Mother and Four* became an immediate best-seller. Now, *Let Winter Go*, Miss Wilder's first book in two years, is sure to bring her many new enthusiasts. In it she combines all the charm of her earlier work with the technical ability of an experienced writer.

Politics and Indians

RED CLOUD'S FOLK: A History of the Oglala Sioux. By George E. Hyde. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDITH R. MIRRIELEES

THE history of the American Indian is frequently depressing reading, and this irrespective of whether the reader's sympathies are with Indian or white. In the case of the Oglala Sioux it is the more depressing because sympathy can go to neither side. "A plague on both your houses" (quotation more familiar at the moment than ever Shakespeare made it) is the only answer to the series of blunders and frauds and bloody squabbles marking the prolonged struggle between Sioux and Government.

Partly for this very reason, though, "Red Cloud's Folk" is a book well worth reading. To an unusual degree the narrative is unprejudiced, unsentimental. Stupidity shows as stupidity, treachery as treachery, whether it be the product of bumbling white minds or bumbling Indian ones. And stupidity and treachery together, as the writer's ironic analysis makes amply clear, give their special color to ninety-nine per cent of Indian-white relations in the decades of Western settlement.

Mr. Hyde has been engaged for years on studies of individual tribes. He has evidently long since escaped from the dangers of partisanship. His book presents no heroes; Red Cloud, who might well have been one, drops, as the narrative progresses, to the level of a mischievous child. Villains, however, are another matter. Among those, the reader may take his pick. Professor Marsh of Yale is the present reviewer's choice. Learned in his own field, courageous, well meaning, the professor made a brief incursion in the '70's into Indian country, brought back with him two tons of fossils and four tons of misinformation, and stood prepared thereafter to instruct Congressmen and others on the treatment of the Sioux.

The professor, whether before 1880 or after, is a familiar figure in Indian affairs. So too are the Congressional committees which Mr. Hyde shows gambling with human welfare, white and Indian alike, in behalf of political advantage. So are the over-zealous secretaries to whom, in the '60's, Congress turned over the Indian agencies. In the matter of events, Mr. Hyde keeps strictly inside his announced chronological limits; in matters of interpretation, it is hard to believe that his satirical glance did not stray frequently into the twentieth century. Whether it did so stray or not, "Red Cloud's Folk" provides an excellent background for an understanding of present-day conditions.

The earlier part of the volume—that dealing with Sioux history before dependable historical record existed—is the least readable. Several of the chapters heavy with supposition might well be omitted. The book nevertheless remains a valuable addition to the studies of Indian life for which the Oklahoma University Press has become distinguished.

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Paintings in Book Form

TITIAN, PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS. 350 Reproductions. Vienna: Phaidon Press; New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $2.50.

FIVE HUNDRED SELF PORTRAITS, from Antique Times to the Present Day, in Painting, Drawing and Sculpture. Chosen, Edited and Introduced by Ludwig Godlscheider. Translated by Bryam Shaw. The same. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

HERE is the completest compendium of Titian's works that has ever been offered to the student. The illustrations are clear rotogravures or line-cuts (for drawings and wood cuts), and there are seven fair color reproductions. Very useful are the many reproductions of significant details. There is a capital critical essay by way of introduction by Dr. Hans Tietze; the indexes and bibliographical notes are exemplary. Finally, the price is adjusted to the pocketbook of the scholar.

The criterion of attribution is puristic. Most of our American Titians are passed over, including all in Philadelphia. The Pitti Concert, traditionally ascribed to Giorgione, is given to Titian about 1515, though the fantastic hat and costume of the young singer is hardly to be reconciled with so late a date. None of the many attributions to Titian about or before 1505 are included, though for the sake of completeness it would have been desirable to reproduce the best of these disputed pictures, if with a warning signal. Similarly, the half dozen important pictures which may be either Titian's or Giorgione's might very usefully have been reproduced. Such omissions are due likely to the late date, "about 1488," which Dr. Tietze sets as Titian's birth year. Now, to treat this date as a fact, without comment, is simply very questionable scholarship. The late dating is merely a hypothesis, and based on insubstantial evidence. Any historical treatment of Titian's early career must accept the possibility that he told the truth about his own age when he set his birth year about 1477. If the early date be right, then many of the attributions which Dr. Tietze rejects must be at least very seriously considered.

It is a great convenience to have the wood cuts after Titian, and the drawings reproduced with the pictures. In his ascription of drawings Dr. Tietze is more generous than the late Baron Hadeln, we think rightly so. Certain engravings after lost pictures by Cort and others are omitted. They might well be included in a second edition.

This large album in post octavo should find a place on the shelves of every student of Titian, and it will be a delightful possession for any unstudious art lover.

The second of these volumes, a picture-book in largest octavo, is one that the student of the history of art will find most convenient for reference and pleasurable for more casual consultation. The spread is from the Egyptian tomb-decorator, Nank-Ptah, about 2650 B.C., to Chirico. Naturally, there are intervening gaps of centuries, or even of millennia. Self-portraits of artists are not abundant till after 1450.

Though necessarily incomplete, the selection omits few really important items. We regret seriously only the omission of that picture which shows the three brothers Le Nain in the studio of the youngest, Mathieu. An American student will probably find too many self portraits of German artists of no particular importance, but the book was made for a German public. Dürer and Rembrandt were assiduous in self-portraiture, and are represented at many ages. Here one would welcome the reproduction of that remarkable drawing which shows the widower, Rembrandt, feeding his infant son from a spoon. Except for the cosmopolitan, Whistler, America is unrepresented, though Copley, West, Stuart, Chase, Saint-Gaudens, and Sargent surely left self-portraits well worthy of inclusion.

The introductory essay is gracefully turned and well translated. The reproductions are mostly rotogravures of excellent clearness, and there are seven color plates. Apart from the portrait interest of the book, it has the interest of showing the work of many minor artists in their rare moments of facing a thoroughly congenial subject, and consequently working *con amore*. It is a book that can unhesitatingly be recommended as an uncommon money's worth.

Pekin to Memphis

GREAT TRADE ROUTE. By Ford Madox Ford. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.

FORD MADOX FORD in an earlier book has wished that Newton had been killed by his apple, and in "Great Trade Route" he runs a warp to the woof of that theme decrying progress that does not advance the basic happiness of man, and civilization that is mechanically a cheat, even that of it which lies along his great trade route from Pekin to Memphis, Tennessee. Following that route by real and imaginary vehicles he discusses here everything from The Arts (which he is unabashed to capitalize) to Brussels Sprouts which he detests, concluding passionately that man's salvation lies in his own garden and homely crafts. It is diverting reading, excellent writing for all its careful artlessness, and a sound body of ideals to live by.

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Socialism for a Democracy

AMERICAN SOCIALISM, Its Aims and Practical Program. By Harry W. Laidler. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

WERE a socialist government to be established in the United States overnight, the author of this book would become one of the most important figures in guiding the destinies of the country. For more than a score of years Harry Laidler, the Executive Director of the League for Industrial Democracy, has been taking hold of problems by their concrete ends; and by patient analysis and research worrying his way to tentative answers and solutions in the light of socialist ideals. The method and spirit of his inquiries have been scorned by professional revolutionists interested more in the conquest of power than in the uses to which that power is to be put. But as the recent bloody events in Russia have demonstrated, it is essential that socialists be more clearly aware of what they wish to substitute for capitalism if the consequences of their rule are not to lead to the betrayal of their ideals. It is easy to get drunk on revolutionary slogans unless fortified by knowledge and the skepticism of scientific method.

In his latest book, Dr. Laidler has written a readable and popular introduction for the plain man on the socialist program for America. Although theoretical questions are not altogether avoided, the high lights of ideology are ignored in order to bring concrete problems into the focus of common sense vision. Particular attention is given to the New Deal in order to distinguish it from genuine socialism. The cultural ramifications of class divisions and struggles are traced in art, education, health, politics, and recreation. A real storehouse of information is made available for those who cannot go digging in the primary sources. The writer's style lacks dash and color but this is partly compensated by the tone of gracious urbanity which pervades the book. The reader naturally tends to place his disagreements on the same reasoned level as the text. In social controversy these are the only kinds of disagreements which can be fruitful. In places Dr. Laidler does himself an injustice by quoting too often from individuals whose opinions are no more authoritative than his own. This generates an impression of eclecticism which a straightforward development of arguments in terms of the author's own position would obviate. And personally I much prefer Dr. Laidler's original title "Socializing our Democracy" to the nationalistic overtones of "American Socialism."

One of the distinctive features of this book is the sharp line Dr. Laidler draws between socialism, both in its classical and contemporary form, and what passes for communism in Stalin's Russia. He castigates severely the regimentation of Russian art and culture, the brutal suppression of all dissident opinion, the replacement of worker's democracy by minority bureaucratic rule based on arbitrary decree, absolute economic power, and execution squads. And, indeed, never was it more necessary to draw thick lines of demarcation. For no large group of the American people, least of all American workers, can be won for socialism so long as they identify it in any way with the one-party totalitarian Russian dictatorship. It seems to me that in discussing the economic system of present-day Russia, Dr. Laidler leans too heavily on the official paper programs rather than on the actual functioning of economic institutions. It is simply not the case that the Russian workers have had anything to do with formulating the *basic* direction of the Five Year Plans or deciding by a democratic consensus the fateful questions which underlay these formulations.

There is one serious omission in this book devoted to the aims and practical program of American socialism, viz., an extended discussion of the past, present, and future of the American Socialist Party. Ideas and ideals do not realize themselves. And to a large extent a movement takes its ultimate form and shape from the party which leads it. Not enough information about the Socialist Party is provided to gratify the curiosity even of those convinced by the arguments for socialism. Is the Socialist Party to remain faithful to the old socialist principle: "freedom in thought and unity in action"? Is it to maintain its independence or become a tail to a third progressive reform party? Is it to capitulate to the Communist Party demand that Socialist Party members who share some of the views of Trotsky, from whom by the way Dr. Laidler is not afraid to quote, be excluded? Is it to retain the orthodox Marxist theory or revaluate it in the light of recent events? Is its organizational structure to be altered? These are some of the questions with which Dr. Laidler must some day deal in order to complete the argument of his lucid, persuasive book.

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MURDER IN BLUE *Clifford Witting* (Scribners: $2.)	British constable murdered in country lane; young bookseller helps Inspector Charlton find culprit.	Slow pace, weak motivation, excess love interest keep this one—otherwise passably written — off recommended list.	Insipid

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

RARE POEMS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. Chosen and edited by L. Birkett Marshall. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). $2.75.

Gleaning where many anthologists have harvested, Dr. Marshall has gathered about two hundred seventeenth century poems, "rare" in that a few have never been printed before and most of the rest have been highly inaccessible. There is the minimum of editing and some of it is careless. One of the Earl of Rochester's lyrics, ascribed to him on quite sufficient evidence, is credited to an author who seems to have no reasonable claim to it. Two epitaphs are labeled as from "Burford Church, Gloucester"; actually the church is in Oxfordshire. But the book exists for the verses. They are unequal in merit, but nearly all are worth preserving, either for genuine poetic quality, or for wit, melody, novelty in theme, or ingenuity of treatment. They prove again that, although the seventeenth century brought forth its full share of poor verse, very little of it was merely dull.

Biography

LETTERS OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Edited by Grace Evelyn Griggs and Earl Leslie Griggs. Oxford University Press. 1937. $5.

The letters of Hartley Coleridge tell the life story of that child of genius with great intimacy and detail. Poor Hartley was the product and victim of experimental psychology and philosophy. He owed his being to the fantastic and abortive plan of Pantisocracy; he owed his name to the philosopher most admired by his father at the moment. At his birth he was dedicated to Wordsworth's doctrine of a natural education. The precocious child was watched over solicitously by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and the first two of these three seers had intimations of the disaster of their experiment before the child was eight years old. The father was later to admit that his philosophical conduct of the lad's moral education had "unwittingly fostered that cowardice as to mental pain which forms one of the two calamitous defects in his disposition."

The crisis of Hartley's life came early and before he was ready for it. Indeed, he would never have been ready for it. He was much beloved and solicitously cared for by all manner of people, from the Wordsworths at Rydal Mount to the humblest cottagers, and his kindliness and his oddities left a fragile but fragrant legend behind him. At Grasmere Hartley Coleridge did all his literary work, and from that district came most of his letters, retailing news of the Wordsworths and the Southeys, remarking shrewdly and humorously on contemporary celebrities, analyzing his own or another's character with lucidity and sharpness, humbly admiring the poetic or philosophical genius of his father, and sending affectionate greetings and reports on the condition of his clothing to his mother. All this he does in letters of great charm, subtle, delicate, and humorous. Only in his humor and his brevity does he overmatch his illustrious father. Thus the beloved ne'er-do-well grew old, not gently as one might expect, but quickly.

Hartley Coleridge inherited in a weaker form the poetical-critical-psychological nature of his father, and he acquired part of his father's learning; but with these gifts came most of Coleridge's major weaknesses, the torpor of will, the lack of central control, the centrifugal mind. Mr. and Mrs. Griggs have performed admirably their task of editing these letters. The introductory commentaries and the footnotes are full and helpful, and come just when they are needed. Students of Wordsworth and Coleridge will be grateful for the new light upon the later days of these poets, and the general reader will be happy in the full-length portrait of a lovable and too humble man whose character receives here a treatment both intimate and just.

W. C. DEV.

THE SCOURGE OF THE CLERGY: Peter of Dreux, Duke of Brittany. By Sidney Painter. Johns Hopkins Press. 1937. $2.25.

Mr. Sidney Painter has written a lively and interesting monograph about Pierre Mauclerc, the Peter of Dreux whom the most casual tourist will remember from the magnificent south porch and transept windows of Chartres cathedral in which he has immortalized himself far beyond the status of an ordinary feudal lord. Not that Peter was ordinary, except through his birth as a younger son of a younger branch of the Capetians. King Philip Augustus, needing an able man in Brittany to hold up against the Plantagenets, somewhat reluctantly married off his impecunious and ambitious kinsman to the heiress of that duchy. Peter, though far from what would today be regarded as a loyal Frenchman, found that on the whole his interests were not antithetical to those of France, and justified his promotion. Through a long life he steered a clever course between Plantagenet and Capetian, left a well-organized duchy to his son—well-organized for Brittany, at any rate, since right up to the great French Revolution the Breton nobility were a turbulent lot—and feathered his own nest especially at the expense of the Church, from whose disgruntled scribes he earned his nickname, the Scourge of the Clergy.

Mr. Painter has done an admirable job. His book is in the best scholarly tradition, even including the quarrel with a fellow *érudit*, in this case M. Jacques Levron, who seems to have confused a crossbow bolt with a coin. Mr. Painter wisely does not attempt to go beyond his sources, which are adequate for Peter's political and military career, and permit us to judge the man by his deeds, but which, like most medieval biographical sources, do not permit recourse to Freud, or even Lytton Strachey. The narrative is sustained and interesting throughout, and is highly recommended to anyone inclined to judge the Middle Ages by St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Louis. Peter would have delighted Machiavelli, and ought to confound those who see the thirteenth century as an idyllic Age of Faith.

C. B.

Fiction

HE SWUNG AND HE MISSED. By Eugene O'Brien. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $2.

It is always questionable practice to accuse a novelist of autobiography, for the cloak of fiction, when it disguises personal revelation, should be respected like any other article of apparel with which a man may veil his privacy. But we daresay no one could read "He Swung and He Missed" without assuming that Toby Brent, its protagonist, is in large part the author. It relates the career of an extremely sensitive and

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thoughtful adolescent in the United States Navy, and is written in a spirit of intense personal resentment against the brutalizing influence of such a career, as exemplified chiefly in the responsible officers. But the details of Toby's successive frustrations, while they blacken the Navy, seem to show that fate was on its side and must take its share of the blackening.

Toby enlists at seventeen only because he is assured that with a good record he can enter the Naval Academy in two years and become an officer. Sent to school at Hampton Roads to be trained as a machinist, he leaves in disgust a month before his graduation after an unpleasant episode with a sexual pervert. At sea he is driven almost beyond endurance by his officers and, through the mistake of a pharmaceutical clerk, is put on record as suffering from venereal disease, thereby being disbarred from ever entering Annapolis. The treatment forced on him by the Navy doctors ruins his health. At the end he takes to drink and cheap women, abandoning all hope of repairing his broken life.

The story is told in the oversimplified style of an elementary-school primer. No characterization is attempted beyond the most rudimentary, and the only intellectual attitude expressed is that of a man with a grievance.

L. J. H., Jr.

STUBBS AT FIFTY. Guy Pocock. Macmillan. 1937. $2.50.

This is one more of those mild English novels that seek their comedy in a contrast between old and new manners. It tells, agreeably enough, of a master in an English public school who longs to be in touch with advanced ideas and prides himself on his nickname of "Bolshie." He fancies himself a modern because he likes Wagner and Degas, but thrust into the last extremes of surrealism and communism, he discovers his own conservative stodginess and finds that his incurable vocation is, after all, to work with boys. The novel jogs along through a gallery of old-fashioned bores and affected young moderns, and it is never quite as amusing as it ought to be. Mr. Pocock, one feels, has not enough humor for the theme he has undertaken. It is not merely that it takes a touch of genius to create a bore or a poseur—a Mr. Collins or a Mrs. Elton; in this book the characters fall a little flat, as though not quite honestly conceived. They seem drawn at second hand, these Chelsea Bohemians and vicars out of *Punch*. And just where, one wonders, do English writers dig up their American types? They are a breed unknown on this earth, having no counterpart in any living Yankee, and one can only conclude that they find them in other English novels.

Mr. Pocock is most successful in creating nice, and rather earnest, people. Stubbs himself, for all his posing and foolishness, is quite lovable, and there are various characters in the book, convincingly "out of the top drawer," who are more memorable than the flimsy, two-dimensional, satirized types. Mr. Pocock has Jane Austen's pattern and her sense of values—but not her humor.

C. C.

THE NUTMEG TREE. By Margery Sharp. Little, Brown. 1937. $2.50.

A Good Sort of a familiar British type is the heroine of Miss Sharp's new light novel. Approaching middle age, plump and jolly, Julia is a former chorus-girl, and the mother of a lovely and highly respectable daughter, unseen for many years. The girl, in love and in a quandary, calls for her mother's aid: Julia, after evading the London bailiffs successfully, goes out to the Continent determined to be a lady at all costs. Inevitably, she arrives in Haute Savoie fresh from some amusing adventures with a troupe of acrobats she has encountered on the Channel boat. These opening comic sequences are well done; Miss Sharp can characterize and make you like the result. Later a change comes over Julia and the story. She falls in love with distinguished Sir William and things get thoroughly drenched in sentiment. By the end of the book Julia is well on her way to becoming Lady Waring—though strictly on a personality basis, and not because of her ladylike attributes. Priggish daughter, if not exactly confounded by this, is left to ponder the lesson in human nature provided by her unconventional parent. The author takes her plot up a good many false trails towards the end, abandoning the raffish element that made the first chapters so entertaining. She is also distinctly unfair to acrobats, leaving them stranded in Paris. More acrobats and less gentility might have resulted in a better reading mixture. As it is, the book is moderately entertaining nonsense with a high saccharine content.

T. P., Jr.

PERSONALS

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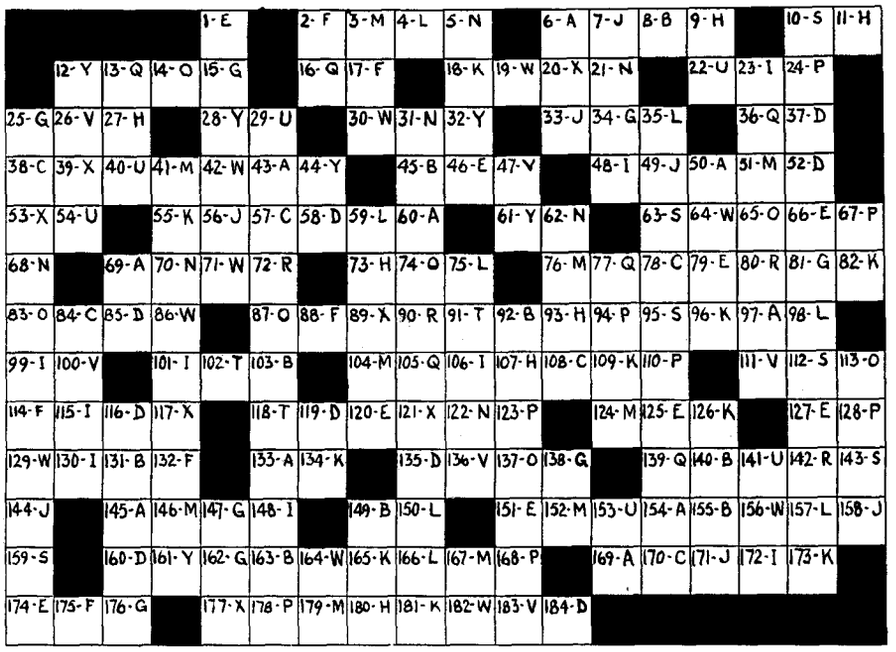
Double-Crostics: No. 179

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Lake School poet.
B. Malevolent planet (Astrol.).
C. Returned in a high curve (tennis).
D. That which strongly attracts.
E. Subject of two tragedies by Euripides.
F. Horrified.
G. Tragedy by Sir F. Greville (1609).
H. Of the plant genus Sinapis.
I. Pertaining to correct pronunciation.
J. Elopement.
K. Famous European house of finance.
L. Inspiring, influencing.
M. Disunion.
N. Clothes (colloq.)
O. Fine-toothed saw for cutting metal.
P. Need.
Q. Talisman.
R. Annoys.
S. Fantastic notion.
T. French novelist (1804-1857).
U. Counterbalance.
V. Irrational reverence for objects.
W. Part of an entablature resting on a column.
X. Optimistic.
Y. Hoyden.

WORDS

A	169 43 60 154 6 69 97 50 133 145
B	8 131 92 149 103 45 155 140 163
C	108 170 57 84 78 38
D	85 58 116 52 160 135 37 119 184
E	1 151 46 66 127 120 125 174 79
F	88 132 2 114 17 175
G	162 81 176 138 25 147 15 34
H	27 107 11 73 93 180 9
I	101 115 172 23 99 148 106 130 48
J	171 49 158 7 33 56 144
K	82 134 18 173 109 181 165 96 55 126
L	157 98 150 59 35 166 4 75
M	51 179 76 3 152 124 41 104 146 167
N	21 70 122 68 5 31 62
O	74 137 14 65 87 83 113
P	24 178 128 168 110 67 94 123
Q	16 105 13 77 139 36
R	90 142 72 80
S	63 10 159 143 112 95
T	91 102 118
U	153 29 54 40 141 22
V	100 47 111 26 183 136
W	64 71 156 19 182 164 42 30 129 86
X	121 53 117 39 20 89 177
Y	32 161 12 61 28 44

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE hear amusing stories about the pre-publication adventures of Clyde Brion Davis's *The Anointed*, which is among our favorite novels of the summer. Mr. Davis, a Buffalo newspaper man, first sent the manuscript to a prominent literary agent, whose office rejected it. He then started sending it to publishers; the first one kept it several months, but turned it down finally; the second returned it—on the ground of its not having a sense of humor! The MS next went to Farrar & Rinehart, who made it a choice of The Discoverers; it was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club as a dual selection for August; and the rest, we hope, is a success story. ☞*The Anointed* has a more engaging quality of humor than any American fiction Q. has come across since Ring Lardner; it has imagination and originality. Our clients are advised not to miss it.

☞The passage of the Tydings-Miller bill last week makes possible the maintenance of retail prices on books in interstate commerce. Forty-two states had already passed Fair Trade laws similar to the New York Feld-Crawford Act, under which most New York publishers have already availed themselves of the opportunity to check cut-throat price cutting on their new books. The Tydings-Miller Act, according to the *New York Times*, "removes the last barrier to almost country-wide application of the State fair trade laws, and authorities in the fields chiefly affected predicted . . . that many manufacturers of nationally branded merchandise who have delayed action on price maintenance contracts will now issue them."

☞Van Wyck Brooks's next book will be a sequel, *New England: Indian Summer, 1865-1915*. ☞The Second National Conference on Educational Broadcasting will be held in Chicago November 29-December 1. Mr. Carl Milam, secretary of the American Library Association, is Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. ☞Ivan T. Sanderson, author of the September Book-of-the-Month Club selection, *Animal Treasure*, arrives in New York just before Labor Day. It seems that Mr. Sanderson, in addition to being a zoologist and a writer, is also a painter (he has done murals for several London night clubs) and a tap dancer. ☞We hear from Clifford M. Blunk, Springfield, Ill., that in the reading room of the University of Illinois Library there is a sign reading "These books alphabetted according to biographee." ☞And a variation on one of the oldest book boners was an order from a nationally known bookshop to a publisher for 5 copies of "Old Mark I Am."

☞Speaking of errata, Will Ransom of Buffalo writes us:

> You are so consistently right in your gentle castigation of errors that your readers may be permitted a small chuckle when you slip on an obvious confusion of words. Granted that Yale should not spell "Departmemt" that way, your three "stereopticons" are not quite the stereoscopes you had in mind.

☞The mistake was on Medium, not on Old Q. It takes memory rather than a dictionary to distinguish a stereoscope from a stereopticon.

☞The official furore on the Bay State over *Massachusetts: A Guide to Its Places and People*, is giving this Federal Writers' Project volume the best free publicity of the current season. All we have heard about it from the publishers (Houghton Mifflin) is that a formal presentation, by Henry G. Alsberg, Director of the Federal Writers' Project, of a copy of the book to the Governor of Massachusetts took place at the State House in Boston on Aug. 17. ☞Farrar & Rinehart's milk-fed adv. mgr., Sumner Putnam (a bottle of, we understand, Golden Crest is passed around the office every afternoon at three) has been doing some interesting copy—possibly as a result of the diet. We particularly liked his *P.W.* spread on *Katrina* by Sally Salminen, the former domestic servant whose book won a Scandinavian prize of 50,000 marks.

Erratum

The editors regret that they inadvertently released last week, before publication of the book, the review of "The Life of Paul Gauguin," by Robert Burnett. The volume will be issued September 9.

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